THE FIRST PART OF King *HENRY* VI.

By *SHAKESPEAR.*

LONDON:

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MDCCXXXV.

Dramatis Personæ.

KING Henry VI.
Duke of Gloucester, *Uncle to the King, and Protector.*
Duke of Bedford, *Uncle to the King, and Regent of* France.
Cardinal Beaufort, *Bishop of* Winchester, *and Uncle likewise to the King.*
Duke of Exeter.
Duke of Somerset.
Earl of Warwick.
Earl of Salisbury.
Earl of Suffolk.
Lord Talbot.
Young Talbot, *his Son.*
Richard Plantagenet, *afterwards Duke of* York.
Mortimer, *Earl of* March.
Woodvile, *Lieutenant of the* Tower.
Lord Mayor of London.
Vernon, *of the* White-Rose, *or* York *Faction.*
Basset, *of the* Red-Rose, *or* Lancaster *Faction.*

Charles, *Dauphin, and afterwards King of* France.
Reignier, *Duke of* Anjou, *and Titular King of* Naples.
Duke of Burgundy.
Duke of Alenson.
Bastard of Orleans.
An old Shepherd, Father to Joan la Pucelle.

Margaret, *Daughter to* Reignier, *and afterwards Queen to King* Henry.
Joan la Pucelle, *a Maid pretending to be inspir'd from Heaven, and setting up for the Championess of* France.
Countess of Auvergne.

Lords, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and several Attendants, both on the English *and* French.

The SCENE *is partly in* England, *and partly in* France.

The

The Firſt PART of

King *HENRY* VI.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Dead March. Enter the Funeral of King Henry V. *attended on by the Duke of* Bedford, *Regent of* France; *the Duke of* Glouceſter, *Protector*; *the Duke of* Exeter, *and the Earl of* Warwick, *the Biſhop of* Wincheſter, *and the Duke of* Somerſet.

Bedford. HUNG be the Heavens with black, yield Day to Night;
Comets importing change of Times and States.
Brandiſh your Cryſtal Treſſes in the Sky.
And with them ſcourge the bad revolting Stars,
That have conſented unto *Henry*'s Death:
King *Henry* the Fifth, too famous to live long.
England ne'er loſt a King of ſo much Worth.

Glo. *England* ne'er had a King until his time:
Virtue he had, deſerving to Command.

His brandish Sword did blind Men with his Beams.
His Arms spread wider than a Dragon's Wings;
His sparkling Eyes, repleat with awful Fire,
More dazled and drove back his Enemies,
Than mid-day Sun fierce bent against their Faces.
What shou'd I say? his Deeds exceed all Speech:
He ne'er lift up his Hand but conquered.

Exe. We mourn in Black, why mourn we not in Blood?
Henry is dead, and never shall revive:
Upon a wooden Coffin we attend;
And Death's dishonourable Victory,
We with our stately Presence glorifie,
Like Captives bound to a Triumphant Car.
What shall we curse the Planets of Mishap,
That plotted thus our Glory's overthrow?
Or shall we think the subtile-witted *French*,
Conjurers and Sorcerers, that afraid of him,
By Magick Verse have thus contriv'd his End?

Win. He was a King, blest of the King of Kings.
Unto the *French*, the dreadful Judgment-day
So dreadful will not be, as was his sight.
The Battels of the Lord of Hosts he fought;
The Churches Prayers made him so prosperous.

Glo. The Church? Where is it?
Had not Church-men pray'd,
His thread of Life had not so soon decay'd.
None do you like, but an effeminate Prince.
Whom like a School-boy you may over-aw,

Win. Glo'ster, whate'er we like. thou art Protector,
And lookest to command the Prince and Realm;
Thy Wife is proud, she holdeth thee in awe,
More than God or Religious Church-men may.

Glo. Name not Religion, for thou lov'st the Flesh,
And ne'er throughout the Year to Church thou go'st,
Except it be to pray against thy Foes.

Bed. Cease, cease these Jars, and rest your Minds in peace;
Let's to the Altar: Heralds wait on us;
Instead of Gold, we'll offer up our Arms,
Since Arms avail not, now that *Henry*'s dead.
Posterity await for wretched Years,
When at their Mothers moist Eyes Babes shall suck,
Our Isle be made a nourish of salt Tears,

And none but Women left to 'wail the dead.
Henry the Fifth, thy Ghost I invocate;
Prosper this Realm, keep it from Civil Broils,
Combat with adverse Planets in the Heavens;
A far more glorious Star thy Soul will make,
Than *Julius Cæsar*, or bright———

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My honourable Lords, health to you all;
Sad Tidings bring I to you out of *France*,
Of Loss, of Slaughter, and Discomfiture;
Guyenne, *Champaign*, *Rheims*, *Orleans*,
Paris, *Guysors*, *Poictiers*, are all quite lost.
Bed. What say'st thou, Man, before dead *Henry*'s Coarse?
Speak softly, or the loss of those great towns
Will make him burst his Lead, and rise from Death.
Glo. Is *Paris* lost, and is *Roan* yielded up?
If *Henry* were recall'd to Life again,
These News would cause him once more yield the Ghost.
Exe. How were they lost? What Treachery was us'd?
Mess. No Treachery, but want of Men and Money,
Amongst the Soldiers this is muttered,
That here you maintain several Factions;
And whilst a Field should be dispatch'd and fought,
You are disputing of your Generals.
One would have lingring Wars with little Cost;
Another would fly swift, but wanteth Wings:
A third Man thinks, without expence at all,
By guileful fair Words, Peace may be obtain'd.
Awake, awake, *English* Nobility,
Let not Sloth dim your Honours, new begot;
Crop'd are the Flower-de-Luces in your Arms
Of *England*'s Coat, one half is cut away.
Exe. Were our Tears wanting to this Funeral,
These Tidings would call forth her flowing Tides.
Bed. Me they concern, Regent I am of *France*;
Give me my steeled Coat, I'll fight for *France*.
Away with these disgraceful wailing Robes;
Wounds will I lend the *French*, instead of Eyes,
To weep their intermissive Miseries.

Enter to them another Messenger.

2 *Mess.* Lords, view these Letters, full of bad Mischance.

France is revolted from the *Engliſh* quite,
Except from petty Towns of no import.
The Dauphin *Charles* is crowned King in *Rhen*
The Baſtard of *Orleans* with him is join'd:
Reignier, Duke of *Anjou*, doth his Part,
The Duke of *Alenſon* flieth to his ſide. [*Exit*.
Exe. The Dauphin crowned King? all fly to him?
O, whither ſhall we fly from this Reproach?
Glo. We will not fly, but to our Enemies Throats.
Bedford, if thou be ſlack, I'll fight it out.
Bed. *Gloſter*, why doubt'ſt thou of my forwardneſs?
An Army have I muſter'd in my Thoughts,
Wherewith already *France* is over-run.

Enter a Third Meſſenger.

3 *Meſſ*. My Gracious Lords, to add to your Laments
Wherewith you now bedew King *Henry*'s Hearſe,
I muſt inform you of a diſmal Fight
Betwixt the ſtout Lord *Talbot* and the *French*.
Win. What! wherein *Talbot* overcame, is't ſo?
3 *Meſſ*. O no; wherein Lord *Talbot* was o'erthrown,
The Circumſtance I'll tell you more at large.
The tenth of *Auguſt* laſt, this dreadful Lord,
Retiring from the Siege of *Orleans*,
Having ſcarce full ſix thouſand in his Troop,
By three and twenty thouſand of the *French*
Was round encompaſſed, and ſet upon;
No leiſure had he to enrank his Men.
He wanted Pikes to ſet before his Archers;
Inſtead whereof, ſharp ſtakes pluckt out of Hedges
They pitched in the Ground confuſedly,
To keep the Horſemen off from breaking in.
More than three Hours the Fight continued;
Where valiant *Talbot*, above human Thought,
Enacted Wonders with his Sword and Lance.
Hundreds he ſent to Hell, and none durſt ſtand him:
Here, there, and every where enrag'd he flew.
The *French* exclaim'd, the Devil was in Arms,
All the whole Army ſtood agaz'd on him.
His Soldiers ſpying his undaunted Spirit.
A *Talbot*! a *Talbot*! cry'd out amain.
And ruſh'd into the Bowels of the Battel.
Here, had the Conqueſt fully been ſeal'd up,

If Sir *John Falstaff* had not play'd the Coward,
He being in the Vaward, plac'd behind
With purpose to relieve and follow them,
Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroak.
Hence grew the general Wrack and Massacre;
Enclosed were they with their Enemies.
A base *Walloon*, to win the Dauphin's Grace,
Thrust *Talbot* with a Spear into the Back,
Whom all *France*, with their chief assembled Strength,
Durst not presume to look once in the Face.

Bed. Is *Talbot* slain then? I will slay my self,
For living idly here in pomp and ease,
Whilst such a worthy Leader, wanting Aid,
Unto his dastard Foe-men is betray'd.

3 *Mess.* O no, he lives, but is took Prisoner,
And Lord *Scales* with him, and Lord *Hungerford*;
Most of the rest slaughter'd, or took likewise.

Bed. His Ransom there is none but I shall pay.
I'll hale the Dauphin headlong from his Throne,
His Crown shall be the Ransom of my Friend:
Four of their Lords I'll change for one of ours.
Farewel, my Masters, to my Task will I,
Bonfires in *France* forthwith I am to make,
To keep our great St. *George*'s Feast withal.
Ten thousand Soldiers with me I will take,
Whose bloody Deeds shall make all *Europe* quake.

3 *Mess.* So you had need, for *Orleans* is besieg'd,
The *English* Army is grown weak and faint:
The Earl of *Salisbury* craveth Supply,
And hardly keeps his Men from Mutiny,
Since they so few, watch such a Multitude.

Exe. Remember, Lords, your Oaths to *Henry*'s sworn:
Either to quell the Dauphin utterly,
Or bring him in Obedience to your Yoak.

Bed. I do remember it, and here take leave,
To go about my Preparation. [*Exit* Bedford.

Glo. I'll to the *Tower* with all the haste I can,
To view the Artillery and Munition,
And then I will proclaim young *Henry* King.
[*Exit* Gloucester.

Exe. To *Eltam* will I, where the young King is,
Being ordain'd his special Governor.

And ſor his Safety there I'll beſt deviſe, [*Exit.*

Win. Each hath his Place and Function to attend:
I am leſt out; for me nothing remains:
But long I will not be Jack out of Office,
The King from *Eltam* I intend to ſend,
And ſit at chiefeſt ſtern of publick Weal. [*Exit.*

Enter Charles, Alenſon, *and* Reignier, *marching with a Drum and Soldiers.*

Char. *Mars* his true moving, even as in the Heav'ns,
So in the Earth, to this Day is not known.
Late did he ſhine upon the *Engliſh* ſide:
Now we are Victors, upon us he ſmiles,
What Towns of any Moment, but we have?
At pleaſure here we lye near *Orleans*:
Otherwhiles, the famiſh'd *Engliſh*, like pale Ghoſts,
Faintly beſiege us one Hour in a Month.

Alen. They want their Porredge, and their fat Bull-Beeves.
Either they muſt be dieted like Mules,
And have their Provender ty'd to their Mouths,
Or piteous they will look, like drowned Mice.
Talbot is taken, whom we wont to fear:
Remaineth none but mad-brain'd *Salisbury*,
And he may well in fretting ſpend his Gall,
Nor Men, nor Money hath he to make War.

Char. Sound, ſound Alarum, we will ruſh on them,
Now for the Honour of the forlorn *French*:
Him I forgive my Death that killeth me;
When he ſees me go back one Foot, or fly. [*Exeunt.*

[*Here Alarm, they are beaten back by the* Engliſh, *with great Loſs.*

Enter Charles, Alenſon, *and* Reignier.

Char. Who ever ſaw the like? what Men have I?
Dogs, Cowards, Daſtards: I would ne'er have fled,
But that they left me 'midſt my Enemies.

Reig. *Salisbury* is a deſperate Homicide,
He fighteth as one weary of his Life:
Two other Lords, like Lions wanting Food,
Do ruſh upon us as their hungry Prey.

Alen. *Froyſard*, a Countryman of ours, records,
England all *Olivers* and *Rowlands* bred,

During

During the Time *Edward* the Third did Reign;
More truly now may this be verified;
For none but *Sampsons* and *Goliasses*
It sendeth forth to Skirmish; one to ten!
Lean raw-bon'd Rascals, who would e'er suppose
They had such Courage and Audacity?
Char. Let's leave this Town,
For they are hair-brain'd Slaves,
And hunger will enforce them to be more eager:
Of old I know them; rather with their Teeth
The Walls they'll tear down, than forsake the Siege.
Reig. I think by some odd Gimmals or Device
Their Arms are set, like Clocks, still to strike on;
Else ne'er could they held out so as they do:
By my Consent, we'll even let them alone.
Alen. Be it so.

Enter the Bastard of Orleans,

Bast. Where's the Prince Dauphin? I have News for him.
Dau. Bastard of *Orleans*, thrice welcome to us.
Bast. Methinks your Looks are sad, your Chear appal'd.
Hath the late Overthrow wrought this Offence?
Be not dismay'd, for Succour is at hand:
A holy Maid hither with me I bring.
Which by a Vision sent to her from Heav'n,
Ordained is to raise this tedious Siege,
And drive the *English* forth the bounds of *France*:
The Spirit of deep Prophesie she hath,
Exceeding the nine *Sibyls* of old *Rome*:
What's past, and what's to come, she can descry.
Speak, shall I call her in? Believe my Words,
For they are certain and infallible.
Dau. Go, call her in; but first, to try her Skill,
Reignier stand thou as Dauphin in my Place;
Question her proudly, let thy Looks be stern,
By this means shall we sound what Skill she hath.

Enter Joan la Pucelle.

Reig. Fair Maid, is't thou wilt do these wondrous Feats?
Pucel. *Reignier*, is't thou that thinkest to beguile me?
Where is the Dauphin? Come, come, from behind,
I know thee well, though never seen before.
Be not amaz'd, there's nothing hid from me:

In private will I talk with thee apart:
Stand back, you Lords, and give us leave a while.

Reig. She takes upon her bravely at first Dash.

Pucel. Dauphin, I am by Birth a Shepherd's Daughter,
My Wit untrain'd in any kind of Art:
Heav'n and our Lady gracious hath it pleas'd
To shine on my contemptible Estate.
Lo, whilst I waited on my tender Lambs,
And to Suns parching heat display'd my Cheeks,
God's Mother deigned to appear to me,
And in a Vision full of Majesty,
Will'd me to leave my base Vocation,
And free my Country from Calamity:
Her Aid she promis'd, and assur'd Success.
In compleat Glory she reveal'd her self;
And whereas I was black and swart before,
With those clear Rays which she infus'd on me,
That beauty am I blest with, which you see.
Ask me what question thou canst possible,
And I will answer unpremeditated:
My Courage try by Combat, if thou dar'st,
And thou shalt find that I exceed my Sex.
Resolve on this, thou shalt be fortunate,
If thou receive me for thy warlike Mate.

Dau. Thou hast astonish'd me with thy high terms:
Only this proof I'll of thy Valour make,
In single Combat thou shalt buckle with me;
And if thou vanquishest, thy Words are true,
Otherwise I renounce all Confidence.

Pucel. I am prepar'd; here is my keen-edg'd Sword,
Deck'd with fine Flower-de-Luces on each side,
The which at *Tourain* in St. *Katherine's* Church-yard,
Out of a deal of old Iron, I chose forth.

Dau. Then come a God's Name, I fear no Woman.

Pucel. And while I live, I'll ne'er fly no Man.

Here they Fight, and Joan de Pucelle *overcomes.*

Dau. Stay, stay thy Hands, thou art an *Amazon*,
And fightest with the Sword of *Debora*.

Pucel. Christ's mother helps me, else I were too weak.

Dau. Who e'er helps thee, 'tis thou that must help me
Impatiently I burn with thy desire,
My Heart and Hands thou hast at once subdu'd.

Excellent

Excellent *Pucelle*, if thy Name be so,
Let me thy Servant, and not Sovereign be,
'Tis the *French* Dauphin sueth to thee thus.

Pucel. I must not yield to any rights of Love,
For my Profession's sacred from above:
When I have chased all thy Foes from hence,
Then will I think upon a Recompence.

Dau. Mean time look gracious on thy prostrate Thrall.

Reig. My Lord, methinks, is very long in talk

Alen. Doubtless he shrives this Woman to her Smock,
Else ne'er could he so long protract his Speech.

Reig. Shall we disturb him, since he keeps no mean?

Alen. He may mean more than we poor Men do know:
These Women are shrewd tempters with their Tongues.

Reig. My Lord, where are you? what devise you on?
Shall we give over *Orleans*, or no?

Pucel. Why no, I say; distrustful Recreants.
Fight 'till the last gasp; for I'll be your guard.

Dau. What she says I'll confirm; we'll fight it out.

Pucel. Assign'd I am to be the *English* Scourge.
This Night the Siege assuredly I'll raise:
Expect Saint *Martin*'s Summer, *Halcyon* days,
Since I have entred thus into these Wars,
Glory is like a Circle in the Water;
Which never ceaseth to enlarge it self
'Till by broad spreading it disperse to nought.
With *Henry*'s death, the *English* Circle ends,
Dispersed are the Glories it included:
Now am I like that proud insulting Ship,
Which *Cæsar* and his Fortune bore at once.

Dau. Was *Mahomet* inspired with a Dove?
Thou with an Eagle art inspired then.
Helen, the Mother of great *Constantine*,
Nor yet St. *Philip*'s Daughter were like thee.
Bright Star of *Venus*, fall'n down on the Earth,
How may I reverently worship thee enough?

Alen. Leave off delays, and let us raise the Siege.

Reig. Woman, do what thou canst to save our Honours,
Drive them from *Orleans*, and be immortaliz'd.

Dau. Presently we'll try: Come, let's away about it,
No prophet will I trust, if she proves false. [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Glocester, *with his Serving-Man.*

Glo. I am come to survey the *Tower* this day:
Since *Henry*'s Death, I fear there is Conveyance:
Where be these Warders, that they wait not here?
Open the Gates. 'Tis *Glocester* that calls.

1 *Ward.* Who's there that knocks so imperiously?

1 *Man.* It is the Noble Duke of *Glo'ster.*

2 *Ward.* Who e'er he be, you may not be let in.

1 *Man.* Villains, answer you so the Lord Protector?

1 *Ward.* The Lord protect him, so we answer him,
We do no otherwise than we are will'd.

Glo. Who willed you? or whose Will stands but mine?
There's none Protector of the Realm, but I.
Break up the Gates, I'll be your warrantize;
Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill Grooms?

Gloucester's *Men rush at the* Tower *Gates, and* Woodvile *the Lieutenant speaks within.*

Wood. What noise is this? What Traitors have we here?

Glo. Lieutenant, is it you whose Voice I hear?
Open the Gates, here's *Glo'ster* that would enter.

Wood. Have patience, Noble Duke, I may not open,
The Cardinal of *Winchester* forbids;
From him I have express Commandment,
That thou nor none of thine shall be let in.

Glo. Faint-hearted *Woodvile*, prizest him 'fore me?
Arrogant *Winchester*, the haughty Prelate,
Whom *Henry* our late Sovereign ne'er could brook?
Thou art no Friend to God or to the King:
Open the Gate, or I'll shut thee out shortly.

Serv. Open the Gates to the Lord Protector,
Or we'll burst them open, if that you come not quickly.

Enter to the Protector at the Tower *Gates,* Winchester *and his Men in Tawny Coats.*

Win. How now ambitious Umpire, what means this?

Glo. Piel'd Priest, dost thou command me to be shut out?

Win. I do, thou most usurping Proditor,
And not Protector of the King or Realm.

Glo. Stand back, thou manifest Conspirator,
Thou that contrived'st to murther our dead Lord,
Thou that giv'st Whores Indulgencies to Sin,
I'll canvas thee in thy broad Cardinal's Hat,
If thou proceed in this thy Insolence.

Win.

Win. Nay, ſtand thou back, I will not budge a foot:
This be *Damſacus*, be thou curſed *Cain*,
To ſlay thy Brother *Abel*, if thou wilt.
Glo. I will not ſlay thee, but i'll drive thee back:
Thy Scarlet Robes, as a Child's bearing Cloth,
I'll uſe, to carry thee out of this Place.
Win. Do what thou dar'ſt, I beard thee to thy Face.
Glo. What? am i dar'd, and bearded to my Face?
Draw Men, for all this privileged Place,
Blew Coats to Tawny Coats. Prieſt, beware thy Beard,
I mean to tug it, and to cuff you ſoundly.
Under my Feet I'll ſtamp thy Cardinal's Hat:
In ſpite of Pope, or Dignities of Church,
Here by the Cheeks, I'll drag thee up and down.
Win. *Glo'ſter* thou wilt anſwer this before the Pope.
Glo. *Wincheſter* Gooſe, I cry, a Rope, a Rope.
Now beat them hence, why do you let them ſtay?
Thee I'll chaſe hence, thou Wolf in Sheep's array.
Out Tawny Coats, out Scarlet Hypocrite.

Here Glouceſter'*s Men beat out the Cardinal's, and enter in the burly-burly the Mayor of* London, *and his Officers.*

Mayor. Fie, Lords, that you being ſupream Magiſtrates,
Thus contumeliouſly ſhould break the Peace.
Glo. Peace, Mayor, for thou know'ſt little of my Wrongs:
Here's *Beauf rd*, that regards not God nor King,
Hath here diſtrain'd the *Tower* to his uſe.
Win. Here's *Glo'ſter* too, a Foe to Citizens,
One that ſtill motions War, and never Peace,
O'er charging your free Purſes with large Fines;
That ſeeks to overthrow Religion,
Becauſe he is Protector of the Realm;
And would have Armour here out of the *Tower*,
To crown himſelf King, and ſuppreſs the Prince.
Glo. I will not anſwer thee with Words, but Blows.
[*Here they skirmiſh again.*

Mayor. Nought reſts for me in this tumultuous Strife,
But to make open Proclamation.
Come, Officer, as loud as e'er thou can'ſt; cry;

All

All manner of Men assembled here in arms this Day, against God's Peace and the King's, we Charge and Command you, in his Highness Name, to repair to your several dwelling Places, and not to wear handle or use any Sword, Weapon or Dagger henceforward upon pain of Death.

Glo. Cardinal, I'll be no Breaker of the Law:
But we shall meet, and break our Minds at large.

Win. Glo'ster, we'll meet to thy dear Cost be sure;
Thy Heart-blood I will have for this day's Work.

Mayor. I'll call for Clubs, if you will not away:
This Cardinal is more haughty than the Devil.

Glo. Mayor, farewel: Thou dost but what thou may'st.

Win. Abominable *Glo'ster*, gaurd thy head,
For I intend to have it e'er be long. [*Exeunt.*

Mayor. See the Coast clear'd, and then we will depart.
Good God that Nobles should such Stomachs bear,
I my self fight not once in forty year. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the Master-Gunner of Orleans, *and his Boy.*

M. Gun. Sirra, thou know'st how *Orleans* is besieg'd,
And how the *English* have the Suburbs won.

Boy. Father, I know, and oft have shot at them,
How e'er unfortunate I miss'd my Aim.

M. Gun. But now thou shalt not. Be thou rul'd by me:
Chief Master Gunner am I of this Town,
Something I must do to procure me Grace:
The Prince's espials have informed me,
How the *English* in the Suburbs close intrench'd,
Went through a secret Grate of Iron Bars,
In yonder Tower, to over-peer the City,
And thence discover, how with most Advantage
They may vex us with Shot, or with Assault.
To intercept this Inconvenience,
A piece of Ordnance 'gainst it I have plac'd,
And fully even these three Days have I watch'd,
If I could see them. Now, Boy, do thou watch,
For I can stay no longer.
If thou spy'st any, run and bring me word,
And thou shalt find me at the Governor's. [*Exit.*

Boy. Father, I warrant you, take you no care,
I'll never trouble you, if I may spy them.

Enter Salisbury *and* Talbot, *on the Turrets, with others.*

Sal. Talbot, my Life, my Joy, again return'd?

How

How wert thou handled, being Prisoner?
Or by what means got'st thou to be releas'd?
Discourse I prethee on this Turret's top.
Tal. The Earl of *Bedford* had a Prisoner,
Call'd the brave Lord *Ponton de Santraile*,
For him was I exchang'd, and ransomed.
But with a baser Man of Arms by far,
Once in Contempt they would have barter'd me:
Which I disdaining, scorn'd, and craved Death,
Rather than I wou'd be so pil'd esteem'd;
In fine, redeem'd I was, as I desir'd.
But O, the treacherous *Falstaff* wounds my Heart,
Whom with bare Fists I would execute,
If I now had him brought into my Power.
Sal. Yet tell'st thou not how thou wert entertain'd.
Tal. With Scoffs, and Scorns, and contumelious Taunts,
In open Market place produc'd they me,
To be a publick Spectacle to all:
Here, said they, is the Terror of the *French*,
The Scare-crow that affrights our Children so,
Then broke I from the Officers that led me,
And with my Nails digg'd Stones out of the Ground,
To hurl at the beholders of my Shame.
My grisly Countenance made others fly,
None durst come near, for fear of sudden Death.
In Iron Walls they deem'd me not secure:
So great fear of my Name 'mongst them was spread,
That they suppos'd I could rend Bars of Steel,
And spurn in pieces Posts of Adamant.
Wherefore a guard of chosen Shot I had;
They walk'd about me every Minute while;
And if I did but stir out of my Bed,
Ready they were to shoot me to the Heart.

Enter Boy with a Linstock.

Sal. I grieve to hear what Torments you endur'd,
But we will be reveng'd sufficiently.
Now it is Supper time in *Orleans*:
Here, through this Grate, I can count every one,
And view the *Frenchmen* how they fortifie:
Let us look in, the sight will much delight thee:
Sir *Thomas Gargrave*, and Sir *William Glansdale*,
Let me have your express Opinions,

Where is best place to make our Batt'ry next?
Gar. I think at the North Gate, for there stand, Lords.
Glan. And I here, at the Bulwark of the Bridge.
Tal. For ought I see, this City must be famish'd,
Or with light Skirmishes enfeebled.
[*Here they shoot, and* Salisbury *falls down.*

Sal. O Lord, have mercy on us, wretched Sinners.
Gar. O Lord, have mercy on me, woful Man.
Tal. What chance is this that suddenly hath crost us?
Speak, *Salisbury*; at least, if thou canst, speak.
How far'st thou, Mirror of all Martial Men?
One of thy Eyes, and thy Cheeks side struck off?
Accursed Tower, accursed fatal Hand
That hath contriv'd this woful Tragedy.
In thirteen Battles, *Salisbury* o'ercame:
Henry the fifth he first train'd to the Wars.
Whilst any Trump did sound, or Drum struck up,
His Sword did ne'er leave striking in the Field.
Yet liv'st thou *Salisbury*? though thy Speech doth fail,
One Eye thou hast to look to Heaven for Grace.
The Sun with one Eye vieweth all the World.
Heaven be thou Gracious to none alive,
If *Salisbury* wants Mercy at thy Hands.
Bear hence his Body, I will help to bury it.
Sir *Thomas Gargrave*, hast thou any Life?
Speak unto *Talbot*, nay, look up to him.
Salisbury, chear thy Spirit with this Comfort,
Thou shalt not die whiles——
He beckons with his Hand, and smiles on me:
As who should say, *When I am dead and gone,*
Remember to avenge me on the French.
Plantagenet I will, and, *Nero* like, will
Play on the Lute, beholding the Towns burn:
Wretched shall *France* be only in my Name.
[*Here an Alarm, and it Thunders and Lightens.*
What stir is this? What Tumult's in the Heavens?
Whence cometh this Alarum, and the Noise?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My Lord, my Lord, the *French* have gather'd head.
The *Dauphin*, with one *Joan la Pucelle* join'd,

A holy Propheteſs, new riſen up,
Is come with a great Power, to raiſe the [...]

[*Here* Salisbury *lifteth himſelf up, and groans.*

Tal. Hear, hear, how dying *Salisbury* doth groan
It irks his Heart he cannot be reveng'd.
Frenchmen, I'll be a *Salisbury* to you.
Puzel or *Puſſel*, Dolphin or Dog-fiſh,
Your Hearts I'll ſtamp out with my Horſes heels,
And make a Quagmire of your mingled Brains.
Convey me *Salisbury* into his tent,
And then we'll try, what theſe daſtard *Frenchmen* dare.

Alarum. [*Exit.*

Here an Alarum again; and Talbot *purſueth the Dauphin, and driveth him: Then enter* Joan la Pucelle, *driving* Engliſhmen *before her. Then enter* Talbot.

Tal. Where is my Strength, my Valour, and my Force?
Our *Engliſh* Troops retire, I cannot ſtay them.
A Woman clad in Armour chaſeth them.

Enter Pucelle.

Here, here ſhe comes. I'll have a bout with thee;
Devil, or Devil's Dam, I'll conjure thee:
Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a Witch,
And ſtraightway give thy ſoul to him thou ſerv'ſt.

Pucel. Come, come, 'tis only I that muſt diſgrace thee.

[*They fight.*

Tal. Heavens, can you ſuffer Hell ſo to prevail?
My Breaſt I'll burſt with ſtraining of my Courage,
And from my Shoulders crack my Arms aſunder,
But I will chaſtiſe this high-minded Strumpet.

[*They fight again.*

Pucel. Talbot farewel, thy hour is not yet come,
I muſt go Victual *Orleans* forthwith.

A ſhort Alarum: Then enter the Town with Soldiers.

O'ertake me if thou canſt, I ſcorn thy ſtrength.
Go, go, chear up thy hunger-ſtarved Men,
Help *Salisbury* to make his Teſtament,
This Day is ours, as many more ſhall be. (*Exit* Pucelle.

Tal. My Thoughts are whirled like a Potter's Wheel.
I know not where I am, nor what I do:
A Witch by fear, not force, like *Hannibal*,
Drives back our troops, and conquers as ſhe liſts:

So

So Bee[illegible], and Doves with noisom stench,
Are from [illegible] Hives and Houses driven away.
They call'd us, for our fierceness, *English* Dogs,
Now like the Whelps, we crying run away.
[*A short Alarum.*
Hark Countrymen, either renew the fight,
Or tear the Lions out of *England's* Coat;
Renounce your Soil, give Sheep in Lions stead:
Sheep run not half so treacherous from the Wolf,
Or Horse or Oxen from the Leopard,
As you fly from your oft-subdued Slaves.
[*Alarum. Here another Skirmish.*
It will not be, retire into your Trenches:
You all consented unto *Salisbury's* Death,
For none would strike a stroke in his Revenge.
Pucelle is entred into *Orleans,*
In spight of us, or ought that we could do.
O would I were to die with *Salisbury.*
The shame hereof will make me hide my Head.
[*Exit* Talbot.
[*Alarum, Retreat, Flourish.*
Enter on the Wall, Pucelle, Dauphin, Reignier, Alenson, *and Soldiers.*

Pucel. Advance our waving Colours on the Walls,
Rescu'd is *Orleans* from the *English* Wolves:
Thus *Joan la Pucelle* hath perform'd her Word.

Dau. Divinest Creature, bright *Astrea's* Daughter,
How shall I honour thee for this Success!
Thy Promises are like *Adonis* Garden,
That one Day bloom'd, and fruitful were the next.
France, Triumph in thy glorious Prophetess,
Recover'd is the Town of *Orleans*;
More blessed hap did ne'er befal our State.

Reig. Why ring not out the Bells aloud,
Throughout the Town?
Dauphin, command the Citizens make Bonfires,
And feast and banquet in the open Streets,
To celebrate the Joy that God hath given us.

Alen. All *France* will be repleat with Mirth and Joy,
When they shall hear how we have play'd the Men.

Dau. 'Tis *Joan,* not we, by whom the Day is won;
For which, I will divide my Crown with her,

And all the Priests and Fryers in my Realm,
Shall in Procession sing her endless Praise.
A statelier Pyramid to her I'll rear,
Than *Rhonde*'s or *Memphis* ever was.
In memory of her when she is dead,
Her Ashes, in an Urn more gracious
Than the Rich-jewel'd Coffer of *Darius*,
Transported shall be, at high Festivals,
Before the Kings and Queens of *France*.
No longer on Saint *Dennis* will we cry,
But *Joan la Pucelle* shall be *France*'s Saint.
Come in, and let us Banquet Royally,
After this golden Day of Victory. [*Flourish. Exeunt*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter a Serjeant of a Band, with two Centinels.

Ser. SIrs take your places and be vigilant:
If any Noise or Soldier you perceive
Near to the Wall, by some apparent sign
Let us have knowledge at the Court of Guard.

Cent. Serjeant, you shall. Thus are poor Servitors
(When others sleep upon their quiet Beds)
Constrain'd to watch in Darkness, Rain, and Cold.

Enter Talbot, Bedford, *and* Burgundy, *with scaling Ladders. Their Drums beating a dead March.*

Tal. Lord Regent, and redoubted *Burgundy*,
By whose approach the Regions of *Artois*,
Walloon, and *Picardy*, are Friends to us:
This happy Night, the *Frenchmen* are secure,
Having all day carous'd and banquetted.
Embrace we then this opportunity,
As fitting best to quittance their deceit,
Contriv'd by Art, and baleful Sorcery.

Bed. Coward of *France*, how much he wrongs his Fame,
Despairing of his own Arms fortitude,
To join with Witches, and the help of Hell.

Bur. Traitors have never other Company.
But what's that *Pucel*, whom they term so pure?

Tal. A Maid, they say.

Bed. A maid? And be so Martial?

Bur. Pray God, she prove not Masculine ere long,
If underneath the Standard of the *French*
She carry Armour, as she hath begun.

Tal. Well, let them practise and converse with Spirits;
God is our Fortress, in whose conquering Name
Let us resolve to scale their flinty Bulwarks.

Bed. Ascend, brave *Talbot*, we will follow thee.

Tal. Not all together: Better far I guess,
That we do make our Entrance several ways:
That if it chance the one of us do fail,
The other yet may rise against their Force.

Bed. Agreed; I'll to yond corner.

Bur. And I to this.

Tal. And here will *Talbot* mount, or make his Grave.
Now *Salisbury* for thee and for the right
Of *English Henry*, shall this Night appear
How much in duty, I am bound to both.

Cent. Arm, Arm, the Enemy doth make assault.

(*Cry St.* George! *A* Talbot!

The French *leap o'er the Walls in their Shirts. Enter several ways, Bastard,* Alenson, Reignier, *half ready, and half unready.*

Alen. How now, my Lords? what all unready so?

Bast. Unready? I am glad we scap'd so well.

Reig. 'Twas time, I trow, to wake and leave our Beds,
Hearing Alarums at our Chamber Doors.

Alen. Of all Exploits since first I follow'd Arms,
Ne'er heard I of a Warlike Enterprize
More venturous, or desperate than this.

Bast. I think this *Talbot* be a Fiend of Hell.

Reig. If not of Hell, the Heavens sure favour him.

Alen. Here cometh *Charles*, I marvel how he sped.

Enter Charles *and* Joan.

Bast. Tut, holy *Joan* was his defensive Guard.

Cha. Is this thy Cunning, thou deceitful Dame?
Didst thou at first, to flatter us withal,
Make us partakers of a little gain,
That now our loss might be ten times so much?

Pucel. Wherefore is *Charles* impatient with his Friend?
At all times will you have my Power alike?
Sleeping or Waking, must I still prevail,

Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?
Improvident Soldiers, had your Watch been good,
This sudden mischief never could have faln.

Char. Duke of *Alenson*, this was your Default,
That being Captain of the Watch to Night,
Did look no better to that weighty Charge.

Alen. Had all our Quarters been as safely kept,
As that, whereof I had the Government,
We had not been thus shamefully surpriz'd.

Bast. Mine was secure.

Reig. And so was mine, my Lord.

Char. And for my self, most part of all this Night
Within her Quarter, and mine own Precinct,
I was employ'd in passing to and fro,
About relieving of the Centinels.
Then how, or which way, should they first break in?

Pucel. Question, my Lord, no further of the case,
How, or which way; 'tis sure they found some place
But weakly guarded, where the Breach was made:
And now there rests no other shift, but this
To gather our Soldiers, scatter'd and disperst,
And lay new Plat-forms to endamage them. [*Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter a Soldier, crying, a Talbot! *a* Talbot! *they fly, leaving their Cloaths behind.*

Sol. I'll be so bold to take what they have left:
The Cry of *Talbot* serves me for a Sword,
For I have loaded me with many Spoils,
Using no other Weapon but his Name. [*Exit.*

Enter Talbot, Bedford, *and* Burgundy.

Bed. The Day begins to break, and Night is fled,
Whose pitchy Mantle over-vail'd the Earth.
Here found Retreat, and cease our hot Pursuit. [*Retreat.*

Tal. Bring forth the Body of old *Salisbury*,
And here advance it in the Market-place,
The middle Centre of this cursed Town.
Now have I pay'd my Vow unto his Soul,
For every drop of Blood was drawn from him;
There hath at least five *Frenchmen* dy'd to Night.
And that hereafter Ages may behold
What Ruin happen'd in revenge of him,
Within the chiefest Temple I'll erect
A Tomb, wherein his Corps shall be interr'd:

Upon the which, that every one may read,
Shall be engrav'd the Sack of *Orleans*,
The treacherous manner of his mournful Death,
And what a terrour he had been to *France*.
But, Lords, in all our bloody Massacre,
I muse we met not with the Dauphin's Grace,
His new-come Champion, virtuous *Joan* of *Arc*,
Nor any of his false Confederates.

Bed. 'Tis thought, Lord *Talbot*, when the fight began,
Rous'd on the sudden from their drowsie Beds,
They did amongst the Troops of armed Men,
Leap o'er the Walls for refuge in the Field.

Bur. My self, as far as I could well discern,
For Smoak and dusty Vapours of the Night,
Am sure I scar'd the Dauphin and his Trull,
When Arm in Arm they both came swiftly running,
Like to a pair of loving Turtle Doves,
That could not live asunder Day or Night.
After that things are set in order here,
We'll follow them with all the Power we have.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. All hail, my Lords; which of this Princely Train,
Call ye the Warlike *Talbot*, for his Acts
So much applauded through the Realm of *France*?

Tal. Here is the *Talbot*, who would speak with him?

Mess. The virtuous Lady, Countess of *Auvergne*,
With Modesty admiring thy Renown,
By me intreats, great Lord, thou would'st vouchsafe
To visit her poor Castle where she lyes;
That she may boast she hath beheld the Man,
Whose Glory fills the World with loud report.

Bur. Is it even so? Nay, then I see our Wars
Will turn into a peaceful Comick Sport,
When Ladies crave to be encountred with.
You may not, my Lord, despise her gentle suit.

Tal. Ne'er trust me then; for when a World of Men
Could not prevail with all their Oratory,
Yet hath a Woman's kindness over-rul'd:
And therefore tell her, I return great thanks,
And in submission will attend on her.
Will not your Honours bear me company?

Bed.

Bed. No, truly 'tis more than manners will:
And I have heard it said, Unbidden Guests
Are often welcomest when they are gone.

Tal. Well then, alone, since there's no remedy,
I mean to prove this Lady's courtesie.
Come hither, Captain, you perceive my mind. [*Whispers.*

Capt. I do, my Lord, and mean accordingly. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Countess of Auvergne.

Count. Porter, remember what I gave in charge,
And when you have done so, bring the Keys to me.

Port. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

Count. The Plot is laid, if all things fall out right,
I shall as famous be by this Exploit,
As *Scythian Tomyris* by *Cyrus* Death.
Great is the rumour of this dreadful Knight,
And his Atchievements of no less account:
Fain would mine Eyes be witness with mine Ears,
To give their Censure of these rare Reports.

Enter Messenger and Talbot.

Mess. Madam, according as your Ladyship desir'd,
By Message crav'd, so is Lord *Talbot* come.

Count. And he is welcome; what? is this the Man?

Mess. Madam, it is.

Count. Is this the Scourge of *France?*
Is this the *Talbot,* so much fear'd abroad?
That with his name the Mothers still their Babes?
I see Report is fabulous and false.
I thought I should have seen some *Hercules,*
A second *Hector,* for his grim Aspect,
And large proportion of his strong knit Limbs.
Alas! this is a Child, a silly Dwarf;
It cannot be, this weak and writhled Shrimp
Should strike such terror to his Enemies.

Tal. Madam, I have been bold to trouble you:
But since your Ladyship is not at leisure,
I'll sort some other time to visit you.

Count. What means he now?
Go ask him, whither he goes?

Mess. Stay, my Lord *Talbot,* for my Lady craves,
To know the cause of your abrupt departure.

Tal. Marry, for that she's in a wrong belief,
I go to certify her, *Talbot's* here.

Enter Porter with Keys.

Count. If thou be he; then art thou Prisoner.

Tal. Prisoner? to whom?

Count. To me, Blood-thirsty Lord:
And for that cause I train'd thee to my House.
Long time the Shadow hath been thrall to me,
For in my Gallery the Picture hangs:
But now the Substance shall endure the like,
And I will chain these Legs and Arms of thine,
That hast by Tyranny these many Years
Wasted our Country, slain our Citizens,
And sent our Sons and Husbands Captivate.

Tal. Ha, ha, ha.

Count. Laughest thou Wretch?
Thy Mirth shall turn to Moan.

Tal. I laugh to see your Ladyship so fond,
To think that you have ought but *Talbot*'s Shadow,
Whereon to practise your Severity.

Count. Why? art not thou the Man?

Tal. I am indeed.

Count. Then have I Substance too.

Tal. No, no, I am but Shadow of my self:
You are deceiv'd, my Substance is not here;
For what you see is but the smallest part,
And least Proportion of Humanity:
I tell you, Madam, where the whole Frame here,
It is of such a spacious lofty pitch,
Your Roof were not sufficient to contain it.

Count. This is a Ridling Merchant for the nonce,
He will be here, and yet he is not here:
How can these contrarieties agree?

Tal. That will I shew you presently.

Winds his Horn, Drums strike up, a Peal of Ordnance:
Enter Soldiers.

How say you, Madam? are you now persuaded,
That *Talb t* is but Shadow of himself?
These are his Substance, Sinews, Arms, and Strength,
With which he yoaketh your rebellious Necks,
Razeth your Cities, and subverts your Towns,
And in a moment makes them desolate.

Count. Victorious *Talbot*, pardon my abuse;
I find thou art no less than Fame hath bruited,

And more than may be gathered by thy Shape.
Let my Preſumption not provoke thy Wrath,
For I am ſorry, that with Reverence
I did not entertain thee as thou art.

Tal. Be not diſmay'd, fair Lady, nor miſconſtrue
The Mind of *Talbot*, as you did miſtake
The outward compoſition of his Body.
What you have done, hath not offended
Nor other Satisfaction do I crave,
But only with your Patience, that we may
Taſte of your Wine, and ſee what Cates you have,
For Soldiers Stomachs always ſerves them well.

Coun. With all my Heart, and think me honoured,
To feaſt ſo great a Warrior in my Houſe (*Exeunt.*

Enter Richard Plantagenet, Warwick, Somerſet, Suffolk, *and others.*

Plan. Great Lords and Gentlemen,
What means this ſilence?
Dare no Man anſwer in a Caſe of Truth?

Suf. Within the Temple-Hall we were too loud,
The Garden here is more convenient.

Plan. Then ſay at once, if I maintain'd the Truth:
Or elſe was wrangling *Somerſet* in th' Error?

Suf. Faith I have been a Truant in the Law,
And never yet could frame my Will to it,
And therefore frame the Law unto my Will.

Som. Judge you, my Lord of *Warwick* then between us.

War. Between two Hawks, which flies the higher pitch,
Between two Dogs, which hath the deeper Mouth,
Between two Blades, which bears the better temper,
Between two Horſes, which doth bear him beſt,
Between two Girls, which hath the merryeſt Eye,
I have perhaps ſome ſhallow Spirit of Judgment,
But in theſe nice ſharp Quillets of the Law,
Good-faith, I am no wiſer than a Daw.

Plan. Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance:
The Truth appears ſo naked on my ſide,
That any pur-blind Eye may find it out.

Som. And on my ſide, it is ſo well apparell'd,
So clear, ſo ſhining, and ſo evident,
That it will glimmer through a blind Man's Eye.

Plan. Since you are Tongue-ty'd, and so loth to speak,
In dumb significants proclaim your Thoughts:
Let him that is a true-born Gentleman,
And stands upon the honour of his Birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this Briar pluck a white Rose with me.
Som. Let him that is no Coward, nor no Flatterer,
But dare maintain the Party of the Truth,
Pluck a red Rose from off this Thorn with me.
War. I love no Colours; and without all colour
Of base insinuating Flattery.
I pluck this white Rose with *Plantagenet*.
Suf. I pluck this red Rose with young *Somerset*,
And say withal, I think he held the right.
Ver. Stay, Lords and Gentlemen, and pluck no more,
'Till you conclude, that he upon whose side
The fewest Roses are crop'd from the Tree,
Shall yield the other in the right Opinion.
Som. Good Master *Vernon*, it is well objected;
If I have fewest, I subscribe in silence.
Plan. And I.
Ver. Then for the truth, and plainness of the Case,
I pluck this pale and maiden Blossom here,
Giving my Verdict on the white Rose side.
Som. Prick not your Finger as you pluck it off.
Lest bleeding, you do paint the white Rose red,
And fall on my side so against your will.
Ver. If I, my Lord, for my Opinion bleed,
Opinion shall be Surgeon to my hurt,
And keep me on the side where still I am.
Som. Well, well, come on, who else?
Lawyer. Unless my Study, and my Books be false,
The Argument you held, was wrong in you; [*To* Somerset.
In sign whereof, I pluck a white Rose too.
Plan. Now *Somerset*, where is your Argument?
Som. Here in my Scabbard, meditating that,
Shall dye your white Rose in a bloody Red.
Plan. Mean time your Cheeks do counterfeit our Roses,
For pale they look with fear, as witnessing
The Truth on our side.
Som. No *Plantagenet*.
'Tis not for fear, but anger, that thy Cheeks

Blush for pure shame, to counterfeit our Roses,
And yet thy Tongue will not confess thy Error.
Plan. Hath not thy Rose a Canker, *Somerset*?
Som. Hath not thy Rose a Thorn, *Plantagenet*?
Plan. Ay, sharp and piercing to maintain his truth,
Whiles thy consuming Canker eats his falshood.
Som. Well, I'll find Friends to wear my bleeding Roses,
That shall maintain what I have said is true,
Where false *Plantagenet* dare not be seen.
Plan. Now by this Maiden Blossom in my Hand,
I scorn thee and thy fashion, peevish Boy.
Suf. Turn not thy scorns this way, *Plantagenet*.
Plan. Proud *Pool*, I will, and scorn both him and thee.
Suf. I'll turn my part thereof into thy Throat.
Som. Away, away, good *William de la Pool*,
We grace the Yeoman, by conversing with him.
War. Now by God's will thou wrong'st him, *Somerset*:
His Grandfather was *Lyonel* Duke of *Clarence*,
Third Son to the third *Edward* King of *England*:
Spring Crestless Yeomen from so deep a Root?
Plan. He bears him on the Place's Priviledge,
Or durst not for his craven Heart say thus.
Som. By him that made me, I'll maintain my words
On any Plot of Ground in Christendom.
Was not thy Father, *Richard*, Earl of *Cambridge*,
For Treason executed in our late King's Days?
And by his Treason, stand'st not thou attainted,
Corrupted and exempt from ancient Gentry?
His Trespass yet lives guilty in thy Blood,
And 'till thou be restor'd, thou art a Yeoman.
Plan. My Father was attached, not attainted,
Condemn'd to die for Treason, but no Traitor;
And that I'll prove on better Men than *Somerset*,
Were growing time once ripened to my Will.
For your Partaker *Pool*, and you your self,
I'll note you in my Book of Memory,
To scourge you for this Apprehension;
Look to it well, and say you are well warn'd.
Som. Ah, thou shalt find us ready for thee still;
And know us by these Colours, for thy Foes:
For these, my Friends in spight of thee shall wear.
Plan. And by my Soul, this pale and angry Rose,

As Cognisance of my Blood-drinking hate,
Will I for ever, and my Faction wear,
Until it wither with me to my Grave,
Or flourish to the height of my Degree.

Suf. Go forward, and be choak'd with thy Ambition:
And so farewel, until I meet thee next. (*Exit.*

Som. Have with thee, *Pool*: Farewel, ambitious *Richard.* (*Exit.*

Plan. How I am brav'd, and must perforce endure it!

War. This blot, that they object against your House,
Shall be wip'd out in the next Parliament,
Call'd for the Truce of *Winchester* and *Gloucester*:
And if thou be not then created *York*,
I will not live to be accounted *Warwi k.*
Mean time, in signal of my love to thee,
Against proud *Somerset*, and *William Pool*,
Will I upon thy party wear this Rose.
And here I prophesie; this Brawl to day,
Grown to this Faction in the Temple Garden,
Shall send between the red Rose and the white,
A thousand Souls to death and deadly Night.

Plan. Good Master *Vernon*, I am bound to you,
That you on my behalf would pluck a Flower.

Ver. In your behalf still will I wear the same,

Lawyer. And so will I.

Plan. Thanks, gentle Sir.
Come, let us four to dinner; I dare say,
This Quarrel will drink Blood another day. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Mortimer, *brought in a Chair, and Jailors.*

Mor. Kind Keepers of my weak decaying Age,
Let dying *Mortimer* here rest himself.
Even like a Man new haled from the Wrack,
So fare my Limbs with long Imprisonment:
And these gray Locks the Pursuivants of Death,
Nestor-like aged, in an Age of Care,
Argue the End of *Edmund Mortimer.*
These Eyes, like Lamps, whose wasting Oil is spent,
Wax dim, as drawing to their Exigent.
Weak Shoulders, over-born with burthening Grief,
And pithless Arms, like to a withered Vine,
That drops his sapless Branches to the Ground,
Yet are these Feet, whose strengthless stay is numb.

(Unable

(Unable to support this lump of Clay)
Swift-winged with desire to get a Grave,
As witting I no other Comfort have.
But tell me Keeper, will my Nephew come?

Keeper. *Richard Plantagenet*, my Lord, will come,
We sent unto the Temple, to his Chamber,
And answer was return'd, that he will come.

Mor. Enough; my Soul then shall be satisfied.
Poor Gentleman, his wrong doth equal mine.
Since *Henry Monmouth* first began to Reign,
Before whose Glory I was great in Arms,
This loathsome sequestration have I had;
And even since then, hath *Richard* been obscur'd,
Depriv'd of Honour and Inheritance.
But now the Arbitrator of Despairs,
Just Death, kind Umpire of Mens Miseries,
With sweet Enlargement doth dismiss me hence:
I would his Troubles likewise were expir'd,
That so he might recover what was lost.

Enter Richard Plantagenet.

Keeper. My Lord, your loving Nephew now is come.

Mor. *Richard Plantagenet*, my Friend, is he come?

Plan. I, noble Uncle, thus ignobly us'd,
Your Nephew, late despised *Richard*, comes.

Mor. Direct mine Arms, I may embrace his Neck,
And in his Bosom spend my latter gasp.
Oh tell me when my Lips do touch his Cheeks,
That I may kindly give one fainting Kiss:
And now declare, sweet Stem from *York*'s great Stock,
Why didst thou say of late thou wert despis'd?

Plan. First, lean thine aged Back against mine Arm,
And in that ease I'll tell thee my Disease.
This Day in Argument upon a Case,
Some words there grew 'twixt *Somerset* and me:
Amongst which terms, he us'd this lavish Tongue,
And did upbraid me with my Father's Death:
Which Obloquy set Bars before my Tongue,
Else with the like I had requited him.
Therefore, good Uncle, for my Father's sake,
In honour of a true *Plantagenet*,
And for Alliance sake, declare the Cause,
My Father, earl of *Cambridge*, lost his Head.

Mor. This Cause fair Nephew, that imprison'd me,
And hath detain'd me all my flow'ring Youth,
Within a loathsome Dungeon, there to pine,
Was cursed Instrument of his Decease.
Plan. Discover more at large, what Cause that was,
For I am ignorant, and cannot guess.
Mor. I will, if that my fading Breath permit,
And Death approach not, ere my Tale be done.
Henry the Fourth, Grandfather to this King,
Depos'd his Cousin *Richard*, *Edward*'s Son,
The first begotten, and the lawful Heir
Of *Edward* King, the third of that Descent.
During whose Reign, the *Piersies* of the North,
Finding his Usurpation most unjust,
Endeavour'd my Advancement to the Throne,
The Reason mov'd these warlike Lords to this,
Was, for that, young King *Richard* thus remov'd,
Leaving no Heir begotten of his Body,
I was the next by Birth and Parentage:
For by my Mother I derived am
From *Lyonel* Duke of *Clarence*, the third Son
To King *Edward* the Third; whereas he,
From *John* of *Gaunt* doth bring his Pedigree,
Being but the fourth of that Heroick Line.
But mark; as in this haughty great Attempt,
They laboured to Plant the rightful Heir,
I lost my Liberty, and they their Lives.
Long after this, when *Henry* the Fifth,
Succeeding his Father *Bullingbroke*, did Reign;
Thy Father, Earl of *Cambridge*, then deriv'd
From famous *Edmund Langley*, Duke of *York*,
Marrying my Sister, that thy Mother was;
Again, in pity of my hard distress,
Levied an Army, weening to redeem,
And have install'd me in the Diadem:
But as the rest, so fell that noble Earl,
And was beheaded. Thus the *Mortimers*,
In whom the Title rested, were supprest.
Plan. Of which, my Lord, your Honour is the last.
Mor. True; and thou seest, that I no Issue have,
And that my fainting Words do warrant Death:
Thou art my Heir; the rest, I wish thee gather:

But

But yet be wary in thy studious Care.
Plan. Thy grave Admonishments prevail with me:
But yet, methinks, my Father's Execution
Was nothing less than bloody Tyranny.
Mor. With silence, Nephew, be thou politick:
Strong fixed is the House of *Lancaster*,
And like a Mountain, not to be remov'd.
But now thy Uncle is removing hence,
As Princes do their Courts, when they are cloy'd
With long continuance in a settled place.
Plan. O Uncle, would some part of my young Years
Might but redeem the Passage of your Age.
Mor. Thou dost then wrong me, as that slaughter doth,
Which giveth many Wounds, when one will kill.
Mourn not, except thou sorrow for my Good,
Only give Order for my Funeral.
And so farewel, and fair be all thy Hopes;
And prosperous be thy Life in Peace and War. [*Dies.*
Plan. And Peace, no War, befal thy parting Soul.
In Prison hast thou spent a Pilgrimage,
And like a Hermit over-past thy Days.
Well, I will lock his Counsel in my Breast,
And what I do imagine, let that rest.
Keepers convey him hence, and I my self
Will see his Burial better than his Life.
Here dies the dusky Torch of *Mortimer*,
Choak'd with Ambition of the meaner sort.
And for those Wrongs, those bitter Injuries,
Which *Somerset* hath offer'd to my House,
I doubt not, but with Honour to redress.
And therefore haste I to the Parliament,
Either to be restored to my Blood,
Or make my Will th'advantage of my Good. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Flourish. Enter King Henry, Exeter, Gloucester, Winchester, Warwick, Somerset, Suffolk, *and* Richard Plantagenet. Gloucester *offers to put up a Bill*: Winchester *snatches it, and tears it.*

Win. COm'st thou with deep premeditated Lines?
With written Pamphlets, studiously devis'd?
Humphrey of *Glo'ster*, if thou canst accuse,
Or ought intend'st to lay unto my Charge,
Do it without Invention, suddenly,
As I with sudden, and extemporal Speech,
Purpose to answer what thou canst object.

Glo. Presumptuous Priest, this place commands my Pa- [tience,
Or thou should'st find thou hast dishonour'd me.
Think not, although in Writing I preferr'd
The manner of thy vile outragious Crimes,
That therefore I have forg'd, or am not able
Verbatim to rehearse the Method of my Pen.
No, Prelate, such is thy audacious Wickedness,
Thy leud, pestiferous, and dissentious Pranks,
As very Infants prattle of thy Pride.
Thou art a most pernicious Usurer,
Froward by Nature, Enemy to Peace,
Lascivious, wanton, more than well beseems
A Man of thy Profession, and Degree.
And for thy Treachery, what's more manifest?
In that thou laid'st a Trap to take my Life,
As well at *London-Bridge*, as at the *Tower*.
Beside, I fear me, if thy Thoughts were sifted,
The King, thy Soveraign, is not quite exempt
From envious Malice of thy swelling Heart.

Win. Glo'ster, I do defie thee, Lords, vouchsafe
To give me hearing what I shall reply.
If I were Covetous, Ambitious, or Perverse,
As he will have me; how am I so poor?
Or how haps it, I seek not to advance
Or raise my self? But keep my wonted Calling.
And for Dissention, who preferreth Peace

More

More than I do? except I be provok'd.
No, my good Lords, it is not that offends,
It is not that, that hath incens'd the Duke:
It is becauſe no one ſhould ſway but he,
No one, but he, ſhould be about the King;
And that engenders Thunder in his Breaſt,
And makes him roar theſe Accuſations forth.
But he ſhall know, I am as good——

Glo. As good?
Thou Baſtard of my Grandfather.

Win. Ay, Lordly Sir; for what are you, I pray,
But one imperious in another's Throne?

Glo. Am not I Protector ſawcy Prieſt?

Win. And am not I a Prelate of the Church?

Glo. Yet, as an Out-law in a Caſtle keeps,
And uſeth it, to patronage his Theft.

Win. Unreverent *Gloceſter*.

Glo. Thou art Reverend,
Touching thy ſpiritual Function, not thy Life.

Win. *Rome* ſhall remedy this.

War. Roam thither then.
My Lord, it were your Duty to forbear.

Som. Ay, ſee the Biſhop be not over-born:
Methinks my Lord ſhould be Religious,
And know the Office that belongs to ſuch.

War. Methinks his Lordſhip ſhould be humbler,
It fitteth not a Prelate ſo to plead.

Som. Yes, when his holy State is touch'd ſo near.

War. State holy, or unballow'd, what of that?
Is not his Grace Protector to the King?

Rich. *Plantagenet* I ſee muſt hold his Tongue,
Leſt it be ſaid, Speak, Sirrah, when you ſhould,
Muſt your bold Verdict enter talk with Lords?
Elſe would I have a fling at *Wincheſter*.

K. Henry. Uncles of *Glo'ſter* and of *Wincheſter*,
The ſpecial Watchmen of our *Engliſh* Weal,
I would prevail, if Prayers might prevail,
To join your Hearts in Love and Amity.
Oh, what a Scandal is it to our Crown,
That two ſuch Noble Peers as ye ſhould jar!
Believe me, Lords, my tender Years can tell,
Civil Diſſention is a viperous Worm,

That gnaws the Bowels of the Common-wealth.

[*A noise within*; Down with the Tawny Coats.

K. Henry. What Tumult's this?

War. An Uproar, I dare warrant,
Begun through malice of the Bishop's Men.

[*A noise again*, Stones, Stones.

Enter Mayor.

Mayor. Oh, my good Lords, and virtuous *Henry*,
Pity the City of *London*, pity us:
The Bishop, and the Duke of *Glo'ster*'s Men,
Forbidden late to carry any Weapon,
Have fill'd their Pockets full of peble Stones;
And banding themselves in contrary Parts,
Do pelt so fast at one another's Pate,
That many have their giddy Brains knock'd out:
Our Windows are broke down in every Street,
And we, for fear, compell'd to shut our Shops.

Enter in Skirmish with bloody Pates.

K. Henry. We charge you on Allegiance to our selves.
To hold your slaughtering Hands, and keep the Peace:
Pray, Uncle *Glo'ster*, mitigate this Strife.

1 *Serv.* Nay, if we be forbidden Stones, we'll fall to it with our Teeth.

2 *Serv.* Do what ye dare, we are as resolute.

[*Skirmish again.*

Glo. You of my Houshold leave this peevish broil,
And set this unaccustom'd fight aside.

3 *Serv.* My Lord, we know your Grace to be a Man
Just, and upright; and for your Royal Birth,
Inferior to none, but to his Majesty:
And ere that we will suffer such a Prince,
So kind a Father of the Common-Weal,
To be disgraced by an Ink-horn Mate,
We, and our Wives and Children, all will fight,
And have our Bodies slaughter'd by thy Foes.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and the very parings of our Nails
Shall pitch a Field when we are dead. [*Begin again.*

Glo. Stay, stay, I say,
And if you love me, as you say you do,
Let me perswade you to forbear a while.

K. Henry. O how this discord doth afflict my Soul!
Can you, my Lord of *Winchester*, behold

My Sighs and Tears, and will not once relent?
Who should be pitiful, if you be not?
Or who should study to prefer a Peace,
If Holy Church-Men take delight in Broils?

War. Yield, my Lord Protector, yield *Winchester*;
Except you mean with obstinate Repulse
To slay your Sovereign, and destroy the Realm.
You see what Mischief, and what Murther too,
Hath been enacted through your Enmity:
Then be at Peace, except ye thirst for Blood.

Win. He shall submit, or I will never yield.

Glo. Compassion on the King commands me stoop,
Or I would see his Heart out, ere the Priest
Should ever get the priviledge of me.

War. Behold, my Lord of *Winchester*, the Duke
Hath banish'd moody discontented Fury,
And by his smoothed Brows it doth appear:
Why look you still so Stern and Tragical?

Glo. Here *Winchester*, I offer thee my Hand.

K. Henry. Fie, Uncle *Beauford*, I have heard you preach,
That Malice was a great and grievous Sin:
And will not you maintain the thing you teach?
But prove a chief Offender in the same.

War. Sweet King; the Bishop hath a kindly gird:
For Shame, my Lord of *Winchester*, relent;
What, shall a Child instruct you what to do?

Win. Well, Duke of *Gloster*, I will yield to thee,
Love for Love, and Hand for Hand I give.

Glo. Ay, but I fear me with a hollow Heart.
See here, my Friends and loving Countrymen,
This Token serveth for a Flag of Truce,
Betwixt our selves, and all our Followers:
So help me God, as I dissemble not.

Win. So help me God, as I intend it not.

K. Henry. Oh, loving Uncle, kind Duke of *Gloster*,
How joyful am I made by this Contract!
Away, my Masters, trouble us no more,
But join in Friendship as your Lords have done.

1 *Serv.* Content, I'll to the Surgeon's.

2 *Serv.* And so will I.

3 *Serv.* And I will see what Physick the Tavern affords.

[*Exeunt.*

War. Accept this Scrowl, most gracious Sovereign,
Which in the Right of *Richard Plantagenet*,
We do exhibit to your Majesty.
Glo. Well urg'd, my Lord of *Warwick*; for, sweet Prince,
And if your Grace mark every Circumstance,
You have great reason to do *Richard* right,
Especially for those Occasions
At *Eltham* Place I told your Majesty.
K. Henry. And those Occasions, Uncle, were of force:
Therefore, my loving Lords, our pleasure is,
That *Richard* be restored to his Blood,
War. Let *Richard* be restored to his Blood,
So shall his Father's Wrongs be recompens'd.
Win. As will the rest, so willeth *Winchester*.
K. Henry. If *Richard* will be true, not that alone,
But all the whole Inheritance I give
That doth belong unto the House of *York*,
From whence you spring, by lineal Descent.
Rich. Thy humble Servant vows Obedience,
And humble Service 'till the point of Death.
K. Henry. Stoop then, and set your Knee against my Foot.
And in reguerdon of that Duty done,
I gird thee with the valiant Sword of *York*.
Rise, *Richard*, like a true *Plantagenet*,
And rise created Princely Duke of *York*.
Rich. And so thrive *Richard*, as thy Foes may fall.
And as my Duty springs, so perish they
That grudge one Thought against your Majesty.
All. Welcome, high Prince, the mighty Duke of *York*.
Som. Perish, base Prince, ignoble Duke of *York*. [*Aside*.
Glo. Now will it best avail your Majesty,
To cross the Seas, and to be crown'd in *France*:
The presence of a King engenders Love,
Amongst his Subjects and his loyal Friends,
As it disanimates his Enemies.
K. Henry. When *Glo'ster* says the word, King *Henry* goes,
For Friendly Counsel cuts off many Foes.
Glo. Your Ships already are in readiness. [*Exeunt*.
Manent Exeter.
Exe. Ay, we may march in *England* or in *France*.
Not seeing what is likely to ensue;
This late Dissention grown betwixt the Peers,

Burns under feigned ashes of forg'd Love,
And will at last break out into a Flame,
As fester'd Members rot but by degrees,
'Till Bones, and Flesh, and Sinews fall away;
So will this base and envious Discord breed.
And now I fear that fatal Prophecy
Which in the time of *Henry* nam'd the Fifth,
Was in the Mouth of every sucking Babe,
That *Henry* born at *Monmouth* should win all,
And *Henry* born at *Windsor* should lose all:
Which is so plain, that *Exeter* doth wish,
His days may finish ere that hapless time.

SCENE II.

Enter Joan la Pucelle *disguis'd, and four Soldiers with Sacks upon their Backs.*

Pucel. These are the City Gates, the Gates of *Roan*,
Through which our Policy must make a Breach.
Take heed, be wary how you place your Words.
Talk like the Vulgar sort of Market-men,
That come to gather Money for their Corn.
If we have entrance, as I hope we shall,
And that we find the slothful Watch but weak,
I'll by a Sign give notice to our Friends,
That *Charles* the Dauphin may encounter them.
Sol. Our Sacks shall be a means to sack the City,
And we be Lords and Rulers over *Roan*,
Therefore we'll knock. [*Knocks.*
Watch. *Qui va la?*
Pucel. *Paisans pauvres gens de France.*
Poor Market Folks that come to sell their Corn.
Watch. Enter, go in, the Market Bell is rung.
Pucel. Now *Roan*, I'll shake thy Bulwarks to the Ground.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Dauphin, Bastard, and Alenson.

Dau. St. *Dennis* bless this happy Stratagem,
And once again we'll sleep secure in *Roan*.
Bast. Here entred *Pucelle* and her Practisants:
Now she is there, how will she specifie,
Where is the best and safest Passage in?

Reig. By thrusting out a Torch from yonder Tower,
Which once discern'd, shews that her meaning is,
No way to that (for weakness) which she entred.
Enter Joan la Pucelle *on the top thrusting out a Torch burning.*
Pucel. Behold, this is the happy Wedding Torch,
That joineth *Roan* unto her Countrymen,
But burning fatal to the *Talbonites.*
Bast. See noble *Charles*, the Beacon of our Friend,
The burning Torch in yonder Turret stands.
Dau. Now shines it like a Comet of Revenge,
A Prophet to the fall of all our Foes.
Reig. Defer no time, delays have dangerous Ends,
Enter, and cry, the Dauphin, presently,
And then do execution on the Watch.
[*An Alarm,* Talbot *in an Excursion.*
Tal. France, thou shalt rue this Treason with thy Tears,
If *Talbot* but survive thy Treachery.
Pucelle that Witch, that damned Sorceress,
Hath wrought this hellish Mischief unawares,
That hardly we escap'd the Pride of *France.* [*Exit.*
An Alarm: Excursions, Bedford *brought in sick in a Chair.*
Enter Talbot *and* Burgundy *without; within* Joan la Pucelle, *Dauphin, Bastard and* Reignier *on the Walls.*
Pucel. Good morrow Gallants, want ye Corn for Bread
I think the Duke of *Burgundy* will fast,
Before he'll buy again at such a rate,
'Twas full of Darnel; do you like the taste?
Burg. Scoff on vile Fiend, and shameless Curtizan,
I trust ere long to choak thee with thine own,
And make thee curse the Harvest of that Corn.
Dau. Your Grace may starve, perhaps, before that time.
Bed. O let not Words, but Deeds, revenge this Treason.
Pucel. What will you do, good gray Beard?
Break a Lance, and run a Tilt at Death
Within a Chair.
Tal. Foul Fiend of *France*, and Hag of all despight,
Incompass'd with thy lustful Paramours,
Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant Age,
And twit with Cowardise a Man half dead?
Damsel I'll have a Bout with you again,
Or else let *Talbot* perish with his Shame.
Pucel. Are you so hot, Sir: Yet *Pucelle* hold thy Peace,
If

If *Talbot* do but Thunder, Rain will follow.
[*They whisper together in Counsel.*
God ſpeed the Parliament; who ſhall be the Speaker?
Tal. Dare ye come forth, and meet us in the Field?
Pucel. Belike your Lordſhip takes us then for Fools.
To try if that our own be ours or no.
Tal. I ſpeak not to that railing *Hecate*,
But unto thee *Alenſon*, and the reſt.
Will ye, like Soldiers, come and fight it out?
Alen. Seignior, no.
Tal. Seignior, hang: Baſe Muleteers of *France*,
Like peaſant Foot-boys do they keep the Walls,
And dare not take up Arms, like Gentlemen.
Pucel. Captains away, let's get us from the Walls,
For *Talbot* means no goodneſs by his Looks.
God be w'you, my Lord; we came, Sir, but to tell you,
That we are here. [*Exeunt from the Walls.*
Tal. And there will be too, ere it be long,
Or elſe Reproach be *Talbot*'s greateſt Fame.
Vow *Burgundy*, by Honour of thy Houſe,
Prick'd on by publick Wrongs ſuſtain'd in *France*,
Either to get the Town again or die.
And I, as ſure as *Engliſh Henry* lives,
And as his Father here was Conqueror,
As ſure as in this late betrayed Town,
Great *Cœur de lion's* Heart was buried:
So ſure I ſwear to get the Town or die.
Burg. My Vows are equal partners with thy Vows.
Tal. But ere we go, regard this dying Prince,
The valiant Duke of *Bedford*: Come, my Lord,
We will beſtow you in ſome better place,
Fitter for Sickneſs, and for crazy Age.
Bed. Lord *Talbot*, do not ſo diſhonour me:
Here I will ſit, before the Walls of *Roan*,
And will be partner of your Weal or Wo.
Burg. Courageous *Bedford* let us now perſuade you.
Bed. Not to be gone from hence: For once I read,
That ſtout *Pendragon*, in his Litter ſick,
Came to the Field, and vanquiſhed his Foes.
Methinks I ſhould revive the Soldiers Hearts,
Becauſe I ever found them as my ſelf.
Tal. Undaunted Spirit in a dying Breaſt,
Then be it ſo: Heavens keep old *Bedford* ſafe, And

And now no more ado, brave *Burgundy*,
But gather we our Forces out of hand,
And set upon our boasting Enemy. [*Exit.*

An Alarm: Excursions: Enter Sir John Falstaff, *and a Captain.*

Cap. Whither away, Sir *John Falstaff*, in such haste?
Fal. Whither away? to save my self by flight,
We are like to have the Overthrow again.
Cap. What! will you fly, and leave Lord *Talbot*?
Fal. Ay, all the *Talbots* in the world to save my life [*Exit.*
Cap. Cowardly Knight, ill Fortune follow thee. [*Exit.*

Retreat: Excursions. Pucelle, Alenson, *and Dauphin fly.*

Bed. Now, quiet Soul, depart when Heaven please,
For I have seen our Enemies overthrow.
What is the trust or strength of foolish Man?
They that of late were daring with their Scoffs,
Are glad and fain by flight to save themselves.
[*Dies, and is carried off in his Chair.*

An Alarm: Enter Talbot, Burgundy, *and the rest.*

Tal. Lost, and recovered in a day again,
This is a double Honour, *Burgundy*;
Yet Heavens have Glory for this Victory.
Burg. Warlike and Martial *Talbot*, *Burgundy*
Inshrines thee in his Heart, and there erects
Thy Noble Deeds, as Valour's Monuments.
Tal. Thanks, gentle Duke; but where is *Pucelle* now?
I think her old Familiar is asleep.
Now where's the Bastard's braves, *Charles* his glikes?
What, all amort? *Roan* hangs her Head for Grief,
That such a valiant Company are fled.
Now we will take some Order in the Town,
Placing therein some expert Officers,
And then depart to *Paris* to the King.
For there young *Henry* with his Nobles lye.
Burg. What wills Lord *Talbot*, pleaseth *Burgundy*.
Tal. But yet before we go, let's not forget
The Noble Duke of *Bedford*, late deceas'd,
But see his Exequies fulfill'd in *Roan*.
A braver Soldier never couched Launce,
A gentler Heart did never sway in Court.
But Kings and mightiest Potentates must die,
For that's the end of Human Misery. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Daupbin, Baſtard, Alenſon, *and* Joan la Pucelle.

Pucel. Diſmay not, Princes, at this Accident,
Nor grieve that *Roan* is ſo recovered.
Care is no cure, but rather corroſive,
For things that are not to be remedy'd.
Let frantick *Talbot* triumph for a while,
And like a Peacock ſweep along his Tail,
We'll pull his Plumes, and take away his Train,
If Dauphin and the reſt will be but rul'd.

Dau. We have been guided by thee hitherto,
And of thy Cunning had no diffidence.
One ſudden Foil ſhall never breed diſtruſt.

Baſt. Search out thy Wit for ſecret Policies,
And we will make thee famous through the World.

Alen. We'll ſet thy Statue in ſome Holy Place,
And have thee reverenc'd like a bleſſed Saint.
Employ thee then, ſweet Virgin, for our good.

Pucel. Then thus it muſt be, this doth *Joan* deviſe:
By fair Perſuaſions, mixt with ſugar'd words,
We will entice the Duke of *Burgundy*
To leave the *Talbot*, and to follow us.

Dau. Ay, marry, Sweeting, if we could do that,
France were no place for *Henry*'s Warriors;
Nor ſhall that Nation boaſt it ſo with us,
But be extirped from our Provinces.

Alen. For ever ſhould they be expuls'd from *France*,
And not have Title of an Earldom here.

Pucel. Your Honours ſhall perceive how I will work,
To bring this matter to the wiſhed end.
[*Drum beats afar off*
Hark, by the ſound of Drum you may perceive
Their Powers are marching unto *Paris* ward.
[*Here beat an* Engliſh *March.*
There goes the *Talbot* with his Colours ſpread,
And all the Troops of *Engliſh* after him. [French *March.*
Now in the Rereward comes the Duke and his:
Fortune in favour makes him lag behind.
Summon a Parley, we will talk with him.
[*Trumpet ſound a Parley.*

Enter

Enter the Duke of Burgundy *marching.*

Dau. A parley with the Duke of *Burgundy.*

Burg. Who craves a parley with the *Burgundy?*

Pucel. The Princely *Charles* of *France*, thy Countryman.

Burg. What say'st thou, *Charles?* for I am marching hence.

Dau. Speak, *Pucelle*, and enchant him with thy words.

Pucel. Brave *Burgundy*, undoubted hope of *France*,
Stay, let thy humble hand-maid speak to thee.

Burg. Speak on, but be not over-tedious.

Pucel. Look on thy Country, look on fertile *France*,
And see the Cities and the Towns defac'd,
By wasting Ruin of the cruel Foe,
As looks the Mother on her lowly Babe,
When Death doth close his tender-dying Eyes;
See, see the pining Malady of *France*:
Behold the wounds, the most unnatural wounds,
Which thou thy self hast given her woful Breast.
Oh, turn thy edged Sword another way,
Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help:
One drop of blood drawn from thy Country's Bosom,
Should grieve thee more than streams of common Gore;
Return thee therefore with a flood of Tears,
And wash away thy Country's stained Spots.

Burg. Either she hath bewitch'd me with her words,
Or Nature makes me suddenly relent.

Pucel. Besides, all *French* and *France* exclaims on thee,
Doubting thy Birth and lawful Progeny.
Whom join'st thou with, but with a lordly Nation,
That will not trust thee but for Profits sake?
When *Talbot* hath set footing once in *France*,
And fashion'd thee that Instrument of Ill,
Who then but *English Henry* will be Lord,
And thou be thrust out like a Fugitive?
Call we to mind, and mark but this for proof;
Was not the Duke of *Orleans* thy Foe?
And was he not in *England* Prisoner?
But when they heard he was thine Enemy,
They set him free, without his Ransom paid,
In spight of *Burgundy* and all his friends.

See then, thou fight'st against thy Countrymen,
And join'st with them will be thy slaughter-men.
Come, come, return, return thou wandring Lord,
Charles and the rest will take thee in their Arms.

Burg. I am vanquished. These haughty words of hers
Have batter'd me like a roaring Cannon-shot,
And made me almost yield upon my Knees.
Forgive me Country, and sweet Countrymen;
And, Lords, accept this hearty kind Embrace.
My Forces, and my Power of Men are yours.
So farewel *Talbot*, I'll no longer trust thee.

Pucel. Done like a *Frenchman*: Turn, and turn again.

Dau. Welcome, brave Duke, thy Friendship makes us fresh.

Bast. And doth beget new Courage in our Breasts.

Alen. *Pucelle* hath play'd her part in this,
And doth deserve a Coronet of Gold.

Dau. Now let us on, my Lords, and join our Powers,
And seek how we may prejudice the Foe. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Enter King Henry, Gloucester, Winchester, York, Suffolk, Somerset, Warwick, Exeter: *To them* Talbot *with his Soldiers.*

Tal. My gracious Prince, and honourable Peers,
Hearing of your arrival in this realm,
I have a while given Truce unto my Wars,
To do my Duty to my Sovereign.
In sign whereof this Arm, that hath reclaim'd
To your obedience, fifty Fortresses,
Twelve Cities, and seven walled Towns of strength,
Besides five hundred Prisoners of Esteem;
Lets fall his Sword before your Highness Feet:
And with submissive Loyalty of Heart
Ascribes the Glory of his Conquest got,
First to my God, and next unto your Grace.

K. *Henry.* Is this the fam'd Lord *Talbot*, Uncle *Glo'ster*,
That hath so long been Resident in *France*?

Glo. Yes, if it please your Majesty, my Liege.

K. Henry. Welcome, brave Captain, and victorious Lord.
When I was young (as yet I am not old)

I do remember how my Father said,
A stouter Champion never handled Sword.
Long since we were resolved of your Truth,
Your faithful Service, and your toil in War:
Yet never have you tasted our Reward,
Or been reguerdon'd with so much as Thanks,
Because 'till now we never saw your Face;
Therefore stard up, and for these good deserts,
We here create you Earl of *Shrewsbury*,
And in our Coronation take your place. [*Exeunt.*

Manent Vernon *and* Basset.

Ver. Now, Sir, to you that were so hot at Sea,
Disgracing of these Colours that I wear,
In honour of my Noble Lord of *York*,
Dar'st thou maintain the former words thou spak'st?

Bas. Yes, Sir, as well as you dare patronage
The envious barking of your sawcy Tongue,
Against the Duke of *Somerset*.

Ver. Sirrah, thy Lord I honour as he is.

Bas. Why, what is he? As good a man as *York*.

Ver. Hark ye; not so: In witness take you that. [*Strikes him.*

Bas. Villain, thou knowest the Law of Arms is such
That whoso draws a Sword, 'tis present Death,
Or else this Blow should broach thy dearest Blood.
But I'll unto his Majesty, and crave,
I may have liberty to venge this Wrong,
When thou shalt see, I'll meet thee to thy Cost.

Ver. Well, Miscreant, I'll be there as soon as you,
And after meet you, sooner than you would. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter King Henry, Gloucester, Winchester, York, Suffolk, Somerset, Warwick, Talbot, *and* Exeter, *Governour of* Paris.

Glo. Lord Bishop, set the Crown upon his Head.

Win. God save K. *Henry*, of that Name the sixth.

Glo. Now Governor of *Paris* take your Oath,
That you elect no other King but him;

Esteem

Esteem none Friends, but such as are his Friends,
And none your Foes, but such as shall pretend
Malicious practices against his State.
This shall you do, so help you righteous God.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. My gracious Sovereign, as I rode from *Calais*,
To haste unto your Coronation;
A Letter was deliver'd to my Hands,
Writ to your Grace, from the Duke of *Burgundy*.

Tal. Shame to the Duke of *Burgundy*, and thee:
I vow'd, base Knight, when I did meet thee next,
To tear the Garter from thy Craven's Leg,
Which I have done; because, unworthily,
Thou wast installed in that high Degree.
Pardon my Princely *Henry*, and the rest;
This Dastard, at the Battle of *Poictiers*,
When, but in all, I was six thousand strong,
And that the *French* were almost ten to one,
Before we met, or that a stroke was given,
Like to a trusty Squire, did run away.
In which Assault we lost twelve hundred Men.
My self, and divers Gentlemen beside,
Were there surpriz'd, and taken Prisoners.
Then judge, great Lords, if I have done amiss;
Or, whether that such Cowards ought to wear
This Ornament of Knighthood, yea or no?

Glo. To say the truth, this Fact was infamous,
And ill beseeming any common Man;
Much more a Knight, a Captain and a Leader.

Tal. When first this Order was ordain'd, my Lords,
Knights of the Garter were of noble Birth;
Valiant, and Virtuous, full of haughty Courage,
Such as were grown to Credit by the Wars:
Not fearing Death, nor shrinking for Distress,
But always resolute in most Extreams.
He then, that is not furnish'd in this sort,
Doth but usurp the sacred Name of Knight,
Prophaning this most Honourable Order,
And should, if I were worthy to be Judge,
Be quite degraded, like a Hedge-born Swain,
That doth presume to boast of Gentle Blood.

K. Henry. Stain to thy Countrymen, thou hear'st thy doom;

Be

Be packing therefore, thou that wast a Knight;
Henceforth we banish thee on pain of Death. (*Exit* Falstaff.
And now, my Lord Protector, view the Letter,
Sent from our Uncle, Duke of *Burgundy*.
Glo. What means his Grace that he hath chang'd his stile?
No more but plain and bluntly, *To the King* [*Reading*.
Hath he forgot he is his Sovereign?
Or doth this churlish Superscription
Portend some Alteration in good will?
What's here? *I have upon especial Cause*, (Reads.
Mov'd with Compassion of my Country's Wrack,
Together with the pitiful Complaints
Of such as your Oppression feeds upon,
Forsaken your pernicious Faction,
And joyn'd with Charles, *the rightful King of* France.
O monstrous Treachery! can this be so?
That in Alliance, Amity, and Oaths,
There should be found such false dissembling guile?
K. Henry. What! doth my Uncle *Burgundy* revolt?
Glo. He doth, my Lord, and is become our Foe.
K. Henry. Is that the worst this Letter doth contain?
Glo. It is the worst, and all, my Lord, he writes.
K. Henry. Why then Lord *Talbot* there shall talk with him,
And give him Chastisement for this Abuse,
How say you, my Lord, are you not content?
Tal. Content, my Liege? Yes: But that I am prevented;
I should have begg'd I might have been employ'd.
K. Henry. Then gather strength, and march unto him
Let him perceive how ill we brook his Treason, [streight:
And what Offence it is to flout his Friends.
Tal. I go, my Lord, in Heart desiring still
You may behold Confusion of your Foes. (*Exit* Talbot.

Enter Vernon *and* Basset.

Ver. Grant me the Combat, gracious Sovereign.
Bas. And me, my Lord, grant me the Combat too.
York. This is my Servant, hear him Noble Prince.
Som. And this is mine, sweet *Henry*, favour him.
K. Henry. Be patient, Lords, and give them leave to speak,
Say, Gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaim?
And wherefore crave you Combat? or with whom?
Ver. With him, my Lord, for he hath done me wrong.
Bas. And I with him, for he hath done me wrong.

K. Henry. What is the wrong whereon you both complain?
First let me know, and then I'll answer you.
Bas. Crossing the Sea, from *England* into *France*,
This Fellow here with sharp and carping Tongue,
Upbraided me about the Rose I wear;
Saying, the sanguine Colour of the Leaves
Did represent my Master's blushing Cheeks:
When stubbornly he did repugn the Truth,
About a certain question in the Law,
Argu'd betwixt the Duke of *York* and him;
With other vile and ignominious Terms.
In Confutation of which rude Reproach,
And in defence of my Lord's Worthiness,
I crave the benefit of Law of Arms.
Ver. And that is my Petition, Noble Lord;
For though he seem, with forged quaint Conceit,
To set a gloss upon his bold intent,
Yet know my Lord, I was provok'd by him,
And he first took Exceptions at this Badge,
Pronouncing that the paleness of this Flower,
Bewray'd the faintness of my Master's Heart.
York. Will not this Malice, *Somerset*, be left?
Som. Your private grudge, my Lord of *York*, will out,
Though ne'er so cunningly you smother it. [Men!
K. Henry. Good Lord! What madness rules in brain-sick
When for so slight and frivolous a Cause,
Such factious Emulations shall arise!
Good Cousins both of *York* and *Somerset*,
Quiet your selves, and be at peace.
York. Let this Dissention first be try'd by fight,
And then your Highness shall command a Peace.
Som. The Quarrel toucheth none but us alone,
Betwixt our selves let us decide it then.
York. There is my Pledge, accept it, *Somerset*,
Ver. Nay, let it rest where it began at first.
Bas. Confirm it so, mine honourable Lord.
Glo. Confirm it so? Confounded be your Strife,
And perish ye with your audacious Prate;
Presumptuous Vassals, are you not asham'd
With this immodest clamorous Outrage,
To trouble and disturb the King and Us?
And you, my Lords, methinks you do not well;

To bear with their perverse Objections:
Much less to take occasion from their Mouths,
To raise a Mutiny betwixt your selves:
Let me persuade you take a better Course.
Exe. It grieves his Highness:
Good my Lords, be Friends.
K. Henry. Come hither you that would be Combatants.
Henceforth I charge you, as you love our Favour,
Quite to forget this Quarrel, and the Cause.
And you, my Lords, remember where we are,
In *France*, amongst a fickle wavering Nation:
If they perceive Dissention in our Looks,
And that within our selves we disagree;
How will their grudging Stomachs be provok'd
To wilful Disobedience, and Rebell?
Beside, what Infamy will there arise,
When Foreign Princes shall be certified,
That for a Toy, a thing of no Regard,
King *Henry*'s Peers, and chief Nobility,
Destroy'd themselves, and lost the Realm of *France*?
O think upon the Conquest of my Father,
My tender Years, and let us not forego
That for a trifle, that was bought with Blood.
Let me be Umpire in this doubtful Strife:
I see no Reason, if I wear this Rose,
That any one should therefore be suspicious
I more incline to *Somerset* than *York*:
Both are my Kinsmen, and I love them both.
As well they may upbraid me with my Crown,
Because, forsooth, the King of *Scots* is crown'd.
But your Discretions better can persuade,
Than I am able to instruct or teach:
And therefore as we hither came in Peace,
So let us still continue Peace and Love.
Cousin of *York*, we institute your Grace
To be our Regent in these Parts of *France*:
And good my Lord of *Somerset*, unite,
Your Troops of Horsemen, with his Bands of Foot
And like true Subjects, Sons of your Progenitors,
Go chearfully together, and digest
Your angry Choler on your Enemies.

Our

Our ſelf, my Lord Protector, and the reſt,
After ſome reſpite will return to *Calais*;
From thence to *England*, where I hope ere long
To be preſented by your Victories,
With *Charles*, *Alenſon*, and that traitcrous rout. [*Exeunt.*

Manent York, Warwick, Exeter, *and* Vernon.

War. My Lord of *York*, I promiſe you the King
Prettily, methought, did play the Orator.
York. And ſo he did, but yet I like it not,
In that he wears the Badge of *Somerſet*.
War. Tuſh, that was but his fancy, blame him not;
I dare preſume, ſweet Prince, he thought no harm.
York. And if I wiſh he did.——But let it reſt,
Other Affairs muſt now be managed. [*Exeunt.*

Flouriſh. *Manet* Exeter.

Exe. Well didſt thou *Richard* to ſuppreſs thy Voice:
For had the Paſſions of thy Heart burſt out,
I fear we ſhould have ſeen decypher'd there
More rancorous ſpight, more furious raging Broils,
Than yet can be imagin'd or ſuppos'd:
But howſoe'er, no ſimple Man that ſees
This jarring diſcord of Nobility,
This ſhouldering of each other in the Court,
This factious bandying of their Favourites,
But that he doth preſage ſome ill event.
'Tis much, when Scepters are in Childrens Hands;
But more, when Envy breeds unkind Diviſion:
Then comes the Ruin, there begins Confuſion. [*Exit.*

Enter Talbot *with Trumpets and Drum before* Bourdeaux.

Tal. Go to the Gates of *Bourdeaux*, Trumpeter,
Summon their General unto the Wall. [*Sounds.*

Enter General aloft.

Engliſh John Talbot, Captains, calls you forth,
Servant in Arms to *Harry* King of *England*,
And thus he would: Open your City Gates,
Be humbled to us, call my Soveraign yours,
And do him Homage as Obedient Subjects,
And I'll withdraw me, and my Bloody Power.
But if you frown upon this proffer'd Peace,
You tempt the Fury of my three Attendants,
Lean Famine, quartering Steel, and climbing Fire,

Who in a moment even with the Earth.
Shall lay your stately, and Air-braving Towers,
If you forsake the Offer of their Love.
Cap. Thou ominous and fearful Owl of Death,
Our Nation's Terrour, and their bloody Scourge,
The period of thy Tyranny approacheth.
On us thou canst not enter but by Death:
For I protest we are well fortified,
And strong enough to issue out and fight.
If thou retire, the Dauphin well appointed,
Stands with the Snares of War to tangle thee.
On either hand thee, there are Squadrons pitcht,
To wall thee from the Liberty of Flight;
And no way canst thou turn thee for Redress,
But Death doth front thee with apparent spoil,
And pale destruction meets thee in the Face:
Ten thousand *French* have ta'en the Sacrament,
To rive their dangerous Artillery
Upon no Christian Soul, but *English Talbot*:
Lo there thou stand'st a breathing valiant Man,
Of an invincible unconquer'd Spirit:
This is the latest Glory of thy Praise,
That I the Enemy dew thee withal;
For ere the Glass, that now begins to run,
Finish the process of his sandy Hour,
These Eyes that see thee now well coloured,
Shall see thee wither'd, bloody, pale, and dead.
[*Drum a far off.*
Hark, hark, the Dauphin's Drum, a warning Bell,
Sings heavy Musick to thy timorous Soul,
And mine shall ring thy dire departure out. [*Exit.*
Tal. He fables not, I hear the Enemy:
Out some light Horsemen, and peruse their Wings,
O negligent and heedless Discipline,
How are we park'd and bounded in a Pale?
A little herd of *England's* timorous Deer,
Maz'd with a yelping kennel of *French* Curs.
If we be *English* Deer, be then in Blood,
Not Rascal-like to fall down with a pinch,
But rather moody, mad, and desperate Stags,
Turn on the bloody Hounds, with Heads of Steel,
And make the Cowards stand aloof at Bay:

Sell every Man his Life as dear as mine,
And they shall find dear Deer of us, my Friends.
God and St. *George*, *Talbot* and *England*'s Right,
Prosper our Colours in this dangerous fight. [*Exeunt.*

Enter a Messenger, that meets York. *Enter* York *with Trumpet, and many Soldiers.*

York. Are not the speedy Scouts return'd again,
That dogg'd the mighty Army of the Dauphin?

Mess. They are return'd, my Lord, and give it out,
That he is march'd to *Bourdeaux* with his Power
To fight with *Talbot*; as he march'd along,
By your Espyals were discovered
Two mightier Troops, than that the Dauphin led,
Which join'd with him, and made their march for *Bourdeaux*.

York. A plague upon that Villain *Somerset*,
That thus delays my promised Supply
Of Horsemen that were levied for this Siege.
Renowned *Talbot* doth expect my Aid,
And I am lowted by a Traitor Villain,
And cannot help the Noble Chevalier:
God comfort him in this necessity:
If he miscarry, farewel Wars in *France*.

Enter a second Messenger.

2 *Mess.* Thou princely Leader of our *English* Strength,
Never so needful on the Earth of *France*,
Spur to the Rescue of the noble *Talbot*,
Who is now girdled with a waste of Iron,
And hem'd about with grim Destruction:
To *Bourdeaux*, warlike Duke, to *Bourdeaux*, *York*,
Else farewel *Talbot*, *France*, and *England*'s Honour.

York. O God! that *Somerset*, who in proud Heart
Doth stop my Cornets, were in *Talbot*'s place,
So should we save a valiant Gentleman,
By forfeiting a Traitor and a Coward:
Mad ire, and wrathful fury makes me weep,
And thus we dye, while remiss Traitors sleep.

Mess. O send some Succour to the distress'd Lord.

York. He dies, we lose; I break my warlike word:
We mourn, *France* smiles: We lose, they daily get:
All long of this vile Traitor *Somerset*.

Mess. Then God take mercy on brave *Talbot*'s Soul,

And on his Son, young *John*, who two Hours since,
I met in Travel towards his warlike Father;
This seven years did not *Talbot* see his Son,
And now they meet, where both their lives are done.
York. Alas! What Joy shall Noble *Talbot* have,
To bid his young Son welcome to his Grave!
Away, Vexation almost stops my Breath,
That sundred Friends greet in the hour of Death.
Lucy farewel, no more my Fortune can,
But curse the Cause, I cannot aid the Man.
Maine, Bloys, Poictiers, and *Tours* are won away,
Long all of *Somerset*, and his delay. [*Exit.*
Mess. Thus while the Vulture of Sedition,
Feeds in the Bosom of such great Commanders,
Sleeping neglection doth betray to loss
The Conquests of our scarce cold Conqueror,
That ever-living Man of Memory.
Henry the Fifth. Whiles they each other cross,
Lives, Honours, Lands, and all, hurry to loss. [*Exit.*

Enter Somerset *with his Army.*

Som. It is too late, I cannot send them now:
This Expedition was by *York* and *Talbot*
Too rashly plotted. All our general force
Might with a Sally of the very Town
Be buckled with; the over-daring *Talbot*
Hath sullied all his gloss of former Honour
By this unheedful, desperate, wild Adventure:
York set him on to fight, and dye in shame,
That *Talbot* dead, great *York* might bear the Name.
Capt. Here is Sir *William Lucy*, who with me,
Set from our o'er-matcht Forces forth for aid.
Som. How now, Sir *William*, whither were you sent?
Lucy. Whither my Lord? from Bought and Sold L. *Talbot*,
Who ring'd about with bold adversity,
Cries out for noble *York* and *Somerset*,
To beat assailing Death from his weak Legions;
And whiles the Honourable Captain there
Drops bloody Sweat from his War-wearied Limbs,
And in Advantage lingring looks for Rescue,
You, his false Hopes, the trust of *England*'s Honour,
Keep off aloof with worthless Emulation:
Let not your private Discord keep away

The levied Succours that ſhall lend him aid,
While he, renowned noble Gentleman,
Yields up his Life unto a World of odds.
Orleans the *Baſtard*, *Charles*, and *Burgundy*,
Alenſon, *Reignier*, compaſs him about,
And *Talbot* periſheth by your Default.

Som. *York* ſet him on, *York* ſhould have ſent him aid.

Lucy. And *York* as faſt upon your Grace exclaims,
Swearing that you with-hold his levied Hoſt,
Collected for this Expedition.

Som. *York* lies: He might have ſent, and had the Horſe:
I owe him little Duty, and leſs Love,
And take foul ſcorn to fawn on him by ſending.

Lucy. The Fraud of *England*, not the Force of *France*,
Hath now entrapt the Noble-minded *Talbot*:
Never to *England* ſhall he bear his Life,
But dies betray'd to Fortune by your Strife.

Som. Come, go, I will diſpatch the Horſemen ſtraight:
Within ſix Hours, they will be at his aid.

Lucy. Too late comes Reſcue, he's ta'en, or ſlain,
For fly he could not, if he would have fled:
And fly would *Talbot* never, though he might.

Som. If he be dead, brave *Talbot* then adieu.

Lucy. His Fame lives in the World, his Shame in you.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Talbot *and his Son.*

Tal. O young *John Talbot*, I did ſend for thee,
To tutor thee in Stratagems of War,
That *Talbot*'s Name might be in thee reviv'd,
When ſapleſs Age, and weak unable Limbs,
Should bring thy Father to his drooping Chair.
But O malignant and ill-boading Stars,
Now art thou come unto a Feaſt of Death,
A terrible and unavoided danger,
Therefore, dear Boy, mount on thy ſwifteſt Horſe,
And I'll direct thee how thou ſhalt eſcape
By ſudden flight. Come, dally not, be gone.

John. Is my Name *Talbot*? and am I your Son?
And ſhall I fly? O! if you love my Mother,
Diſhonour not her honourable Name,
To make a Baſtard and a Slave of me.
The World will ſay, he is not *Talbot*'s Blood,

That basely fled, when noble *Talbot* stood.

Tal. Fly, to revenge my Death, if I be slain.

John. He that flies so, will ne'er return again.

Tal. If we both stay, we both are sure to die.

John. Then let me stay, and, Father, do you fly:
Your loss is great, so your Regard should be;
My Worth unknown, no loss is known in me.
Upon my Death, the *French* can little boast;
In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.
Flight cannot stain the Honour you have won,
But mine it will, that no Exploit have done.
You fled for Vantage, every one will swear:
But if I bow, they'll say it was for Fear.
There is no hope that ever I will stay,
If the first hour I shrink and run away.
Here on my Knee I beg Mortality,
Rather than Life, preserv'd with Infamy.

Tal. Shall all thy Mother's Hopes lye in one Tomb?

John. Ay, rather then I'll shame my Mother's Womb.

Tal. Upon my Blessing I command thee go.

John. To fight I will, but not to fly the Foe.

Tal. Part of thy Father may be sav'd in thee.

John. No part of him but will be shame in me.

Tal. Thou never hadst Renown, nor canst not lose it.

John. Yes, your renowned Name; shall flight abuse it?

Tal. Thy Father's Charge shall clear thee from the stain.

John. You cannot witness for me, being slain.
If Death be so apparent, then both fly.

Tal. And leave my Followers here to fight and die?
My Age was never tainted with such shame.

John. And shall my Youth be guilty of such blame?
No more can I be severed from your side,
Than can your self your self in twain divide:
Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I;
For live I will not; if my Father die.

Tal. Then here I take my leave of thee, fair Son,
Born to eclipse thy Life this Afternoon:
Come, side by side, together live and die,
And Soul with Soul from *France* to Heav'n fly. [*Exeunt.*

Alarum: Excursions, wherein Talbot's *Son is hemm'd about, and* Talbot *rescues him.*

Tal. St. *George*, and Victory, fight Soldiers, fight:

The Regent hath with *Talbot* broke his Word,
And left us to the rage of *France*'s Sword.
Where is *John Talbot*? Pause, and take thy Breath,
I gave thee Life, and rescu'd thee from Death.
John. O twice my Father, twice am I thy Son:
The life thou gav'st me first, was lost and done,
'Till with thy warlike Sword, despight of Fate,
To my determin'd time thou gav'st new date.
Tal. When from the Dauphin's Crest thy Sword struck fire,
It warm'd thy Father's Heart with proud desire
Of bold fac'd Victory. Then Leaden Age,
Quicken'd with youthful Spleen, and warlike Rage,
Beat down *Alenson*, *Orleans*, *Burgundy*,
And from the Pride of *Gallia* rescued thee.
The ireful Bastard *Orleans*, that drew Blood
From thee, my Boy, and had the Maidenhood
Of thy first fight, I soon encountered,
And interchanging Blows, I quickly shed
Some of his Bastard Blood, and in disgrace
Bespoke him thus: Contaminated, base
And miss-begotten Blood, I spill of thine,
Mean and right poor, for that poor Blood of mine,
Which thou didst force from *Talbot*, my brave Boy.
Here purposing the Bastard to destroy,
Came in strong Rescue. Speak, thy Father's Care,
Art not thou weary, *John*? How do'st thou fare?
Wilt thou yet leave the Battel, Boy, and fly?
Now thou art seal'd the Son of Chivalry?
Fly, to revenge my Death when I am dead,
The help of one stands me in little stead.
Oh, too much folly is it, well I wot,
To hazard all our Lives in one small Boat.
If I to day die not with *Frenchmens* Rage,
To morrow I shall die with mickle Age.
By me they nothing gain, and if I stay,
'Tis but the shortning of my Life one Day.
In thee thy Mother dies, our Household's Name,
My Death's Revenge, thy Youth, and *England*'s Fame,
All these, and more, we hazard by thy stay;
All these are sav'd, if thou wilt fly away.
John. The Sword of *Orleans* hath not made me smart,
These Words of yours draw Life-blood from my Heart.

On that advantage, bought with ſuch a ſhame,
To ſave a paltry Life, and ſlay bright Fame,
Before young *Talbot* from old *Talbot* fly,
The Coward Horſe that bears me, fall and die;
And like me to the peaſant Boys of *France*,
To be Shame's Scorn, and Subject of Miſchance.
Surely, by all the Glory you have won,
And if I fly, I am not *Talbot*'s Son.
Then talk no more of flight, it is no boot,
If Son to *Talbot*, die at *Talbot*'s Foot.
Tal. Then follow thou thy deſp'rate Sire of *Creet*,
Thou *Icarus*, thy Life to me is ſweet:
If thou wilt fight, fight by thy Father's ſide,
And commendable prov'd let's die in Pride. [*Exeunt.*

Alarum. Excurſions. Enter old Talbot *led.*

Tal. Where is my other Life? mine own is gone.
O! where's young *Talbot*? where is valiant *John*?
Triumphant Death, ſmear'd with Captivity,
Young *Talbot*'s Valour makes me ſmile at thee.
When he perceiv'd me ſhrink, and on my Knee,
His bloody Sword he brandiſh'd over me,
And like a hungry Lion did commence
Rough deeds of Rage, and ſtern Impatience:
But when my angry Guardant ſtood alone,
Tendring my Ruin, and aſſail'd of none,
Dizzy-ey'd Fury, and great Rage of Heart,
Suddenly made him from my ſide to ſtart
Into the cluſtering Battel of the *French*:
And in that Sea of Blood, my Boy did drench
His over-mounting Spirit; and there dy'd
My *Icarus*, my Bloſſom, in his Pride.

Enter John Talbot, *born.*

Serv. O, my dear Lord! lo where your Son is born.
Tal. Thou antick Death, which laugh'ſt us here to ſcorn,
Anon from thy inſulting Tyranny,
Coupled in Bonds of Perpetuity,
Two *Talbots* winged through the lither Sky,
In thy deſpight ſhall ſcape Mortality.
O thou, whoſe Wounds become hard favoured Death,
Speak to thy Father, ere thou yield thy Breath.
Brave Death by ſpeaking, whither he will or no:
Imagine him a *Frenchman*, and thy Foe.

Poor

Poor Boy, he smiles, methinks as who should say,
Had Death been *French*, then Death had died to day.
Come, come, and lay him in his Father's Arms,
My Spirit can no longer bear these harms.
Soldiers adieu: I have what I would have,
Now my old Arms are young *John Talbot*'s Grave. [*Dies.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Charles, Alenson, Burgundy, *Bastard, and* Pucelle.

Char. HAD *York* and *Somerset* brought Rescue in,
We should have found a bloody Day of this.
Bast. How the young whelp of *Talbot*'s raging Brood,
Did flesh his puny Sword in *Frenchmen*'s Blood.
Pucel. Once I encountred him, and thus I said:
Thou Maiden Youth, be vanquisht by a Maid.
But with a proud Majestical high scorn
He answer'd thus: Young *Talbot* was not born
To be the Pillage of a Giglot Wench.
He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.
Bur. Doubtless he would have made a noble Knight:
See where he lyes inhersed in the Arms
Of the most bloody Nurser of his harms.
Bast. Hew them to pieces, hack their Bones asunder,
Whose life was *England*'s Glory, *Gallia*'s Wonder.
Char. Oh no, forbear: For that which we have fled
During the Life, let us not wrong it dead.

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. Herald, conduct me to the Dauphin's Tent,
To know who hath obtain'd the Glory of the Day.
Char. On what submissive Message art thou sent?
Lucy. Submission, Dauphin? 'tis a meer *French* word:
We *English* Warriors wot not what it means.
I come to know what Prisoners thou hast ta'en,
And to survey the Bodies of the Dead.
Char. For Prisoners ask'st thou? Hell our Prison is.
But tell me whom thou seek'st?
Lucy. Where is the great *Alcides* of the Field,
Valiant Lord *Talbot*, Earl of *Shrewsbury*?
Created for his rare Success in Arms,

Great Earl of *Washford*, *Waterford*, and *Valence*,
Lord *Talbot* of *Goodrig* and *Urchinfield*;
Lord *Strange* of *Blackmere*, Lord *Vernon* of *Alton*,
Lord *Cromwel* of *Wingfield*, Lord *Furnival* of *Sheffeild*,
The thrice victorious Lord of *Falconbridge*,
Knight of the Noble Order of St. *George*,
Worthy St. *Michael*, and the *Golden Fleece*.
Great Marshal to our King *Henry* the Sixth,
Of all his Wars within the Realm of *France*.

Pucel. Here's a silly stately Style indeed:
The *Turk*, that two and fifty Kingdoms hath,
Writes not so tedious a Style as this.
Him that thou magnify'st with all these Titles,
Stinking and fly-blown lyes here at our Feet.

Lucy. Is *Talbot* slain, the *Frenchmens* only Scourge,
Your Kingdom's Terror, and black *Nemesis*?
Oh were mine Eye-balls into Bullets turn'd,
That I in rage might shoot them at your Faces.
Oh, that I could but call these dead to life,
It were enough to fright the Realm of *France*.
Were but his Picture left among you here,
It would amaze the proudest of you all.
Give me their Bodies that I may bear them hence,
And give them Burial, as beseems their Worth.

Pucel. I think this Upstart is old *Talbot*'s Ghost,
He speaks with such a proud commanding Spirit:
For God's sake, let him have him; to keep them here,
They would but stink, and putrifie the Air.

Char. Go take their Bodies hence.

Lucy. I'll bear them hence; but from their Ashes shall be rear'd
A Phænix that shall make all *France* afear'd.

Char. So we be rid of them, do with them what thou wilt.
And now to *Paris* in this Conquering Vein,
All will be ours, now bloody *Talbot*'s slain. (*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter King Henry, Gloucester, *and* Exeter.

K. Henry. Have you perus'd the Letters from the Pope,
The Emperor, and the Earl of *Armagnac*?

Glo. I have, my Lord, and their Intent is this,

They

They humbly sue unto your Excellence,
To have a godly Peace concluded of,
Between the Realms of *England* and of *France*.

K. *Henry*. How doth your Grace affect this Motion?

Glo. Well, my good Lord, and as the only means
To stop effusion of our Christian Blood,
And stablish quietness on every side.

K. Henry. Ay marry, Uncle, for I always thought
It was both impious and unnatural,
That such Immanity and bloody Strife
Should reign among Professors of one Faith.

Glo. Beside, my Lord, the sooner to effect,
And surer bind this knot of Amity,
The Earl of *Armagnac*, near knit to *Charles*,
A Man of great Authority in *France*,
Proffers his only Daughter to your Grace
In Marriage, with a large and sumptuous Dowry.

K. Henry. Marriage, Uncle! alas! my Years are young:
And fitter is my Study, and my Books,
Than wanton dalliance with a Paramour.
Yet call th' Ambassadors, and as you please,
So let them have their Answers every one;
I shall be well content with any choice
Tends to God's Glory, and my Country's Weal.

Enter Winchester, *and three Ambassadors*.

Exe. What is my Lord of *Winchester* install'd,
And call'd unto a Cardinal's Degree?
Then I perceive that will be verified
Henry the Fifth did sometime Prophesy.
If once he come to be a Cardinal,
He'll make his Cap coequal with the Crown.

K. Henry. My Lords Ambassadors, your several Suits
Have been consider'd and debated on,
Your Purpose is both good and reasonable;
And therefore are we certainly resolv'd
To draw Conditions of a friendly Peace,
Which by my Lord of *Winchester* we mean
Shall be transported presently to *France*.

Glo. And for the Proffer of my Lord your Master,
I have inform'd his Highness so at large,
As liking of the Lady's virtuous Gifts,
Her Beauty, and the value of her Dower,
He doth intend she shall be *England*'s Queen. *K. Henry*.

K. Henry. In argument and proof of which Contract,
Bear her this Jewel pledge of my Affection.
And so, my Lord Protector, see them guarded,
And safely brought to *Dover*, where inshipp'd
Commit them to the fortune of the Sea. [*Exeunt.*

Win. Stay, my Lord *Legate*, you shall first receive
The sum of Money which I promised
Should be delivered to his Holiness,
For cloathing me in these grave Ornaments.

Legate. I will attend upon your Lordship's leisure.

Win. Now *Winchester* will not submit, I trow,
Or be inferior to the proudest Peer.
Humphrey of *Glo'ster*, thou shalt well perceive,
That neither in Birth, or for Authority,
The Bishop will be over-born by thee;
I'll either make thee stoop, and bend thy Knee,
Or sack this Country with a Mutiny. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Dauphin, Burgundy, Alenson, *Bastard,* Reignier, *and* Joan la Pucelle.

Dau. This News, my Lords, may cheer our drooping Spirits:
Tis said, the stout *Parisians* do revolt,
And return again unto the warlike *French.*

Alen. Then march to *Paris*, Royal *Charles* of *France*,
And keep not back your Power in dalliance.

Pucel. Peace be amongst them, if they turn to us,
Else Ruin combat with their Palaces.

Enter Scout.

Scout. Success unto our valiant General,
And happiness to his Accomplices.

Dau. What tidings send our Souts? I prethee speak.

Scout. The English Army, that divided was
Into two Parties, is now conjoin'd in one,
And means to give you Battle presently.

Dau. Somewhat too sudden, Sirs, the warning is,
But we will presently provide for them.

Burg. I trust the Ghost of *Talbot* is not there;
Now he is gone, my Lord, you need not fear.

Pucel. Of all base Passions, Fear is most accurst.

Command

Command the Conqueſt *Charles*, it ſhall be thine:
Let *Henry* fret, and all the World repine.

Dau. Then on, my Lords, and *France* be fortunate. (*Ex.*

Alarm: Excurſions. Enter Joan la Pucelle.

Pucel. The Regent conquers, and the *Frenchmen* fly,
Now help ye charming Spells and Periapts,
And ye choice Spirits that admoniſh me,
And give me ſigns of future Accidents. (*Thunder.*
You ſpeedy helpers, that are Subſtitutes
Under the Lordly Monarch of the North,
Appear, and aid me in this Enterprize.

Enter Fiends.

This ſpeedy and quick appearance argues proof
Of your accuſtom'd diligence to me.
Now, ye familiar Spirits, that are cull'd
Out of the powerful Regions under Earth,
Help me this once, that *France* may get the Field.

[*They walk and ſpeak not.*

Oh hold me not with Silence over long:
Where I was wont to feed you with my Blood,
I'll lop a Member off, and give it you
In earneſt of a further Benefit:
So you do condeſcend to help me now.

[*They hang their Heads.*

No hope to have Redreſs? My Body ſhall
Pay recompence, if you will grant my Suit.

[*They ſhake their Heads.*

Cannot my Body, nor blood-Sacrifice,
Intreat you to your wonted furtherance?
Then take my Soul; my Body, Soul, and all,
Before that *England* give the *French* the foil.

[*They depart.*

See, they forſake me. Now the time is come,
That *France* muſt vail her lofty plumed Creſt,
And let her Head fall into *England*'s Lap.
My ancient Incantations are too weak,
And Hell too ſtrong for me to buckle with:
Now *France* thy Glory droopeth to the Duſt. [*Exit.*

[*Excurſions.* Pucelle *and* York *fight Hand in Hand.*
Pucelle *is taken. The* French *fly.*

York. Damſel of *France*, I think I have you faſt.
Unchain your Spirits now with ſpelling Charms,
And try if they can gain your Liberty. A goodly

A goodly prize, fit for the Devil's Grace.
See how the ugly Witch doth bend her Brows,
As if, with *Circe*, she would change my Shape.
Pucel. Chang'd to a worser Shape thou can'st not be.
York. Oh, *Charles* the Dauphin is a proper Man,
No Shape but his can please your dainty Eye.
Pucel. A plaguing mischief light on *Charles* and thee.
And may ye both be suddenly surpriz'd
By bloody Hands, in sleeping on your Beds.
York. Fell banning Hag, Inchantress, hold thy Tongue.
Pucel. I prethee give me leave to curse a while.
York. Curse, Miscreant, when thou comest to the Stake.
[*Exeunt.*

Alarm. Enter Suffolk *with* Margaret *in his Hand.*

Suf. Be what thou wilt, thou art my Prisoner.
[*Gazes on her.*
Oh fairest Beauty, do not fear, nor fly:
For I will touch thee but with reverend Hands,
I kiss these Fingers for eternal Peace.
And lay them gently on thy tender Side.
Who art thou, say? that I may honour thee.
Mar. Margaret my Name, and Daughter to a King,
The King of *Naples*, whosoe'er thou art.
Suf. An Earl I am, and *Suffolk* am I call'd.
Be not offended, Nature's Miracle,
Thou art alotted to be ta'en by me:
So doth the Swan her downy Cignets save,
Keeping them Prisoners underneath her Wings:
Yet if this servile Usage once offend,
Go, and be free again, as *Suffolk*'s Friend. [*She is going.*
Oh stay! I have no Power to let her pass,
My Hand would free her, but my Heart says no.
As plays the Sun upon the glassy Streams,
Twinkling another counterfeited Beam,
So seems this gorgeous Beauty to mine Eyes:
Fain would I woe her, yet I dare not speak:
I'll call for Pen and Ink, and write my Mind:
Fie, *De la Pole*, disable not thy self:
Hast not a Tongue? Is she not here thy Prisoner?
Wilt thou be daunted at a Woman's Sight?
Ay, Beauty's Princely Majesty is such,
Confounds the Tongue, and makes the Senses rough.
Mar. Say, Earl of *Suffolk*, if thy Name be so, What

What Ransom must I pay before I pass?
For I perceive I am thy Prisoner.
Suf. How canst thou tell she will deny thy Suit,
Before thou make a Trial of her Love?
Mar. Why speak'st thou not? What Ransom must I pay?
Suf. She's Beautiful; and therefore to be wooed:
She is a Woman, therefore to be won.
Mar. Wilt thou accept of Ransom, yea or no?
Suf. Fond Man, remember that thou hast a Wife,
Then how can *Margaret* be thy Paramour?
Mar. I were best to leave him, for he will not hear.
Suf. There all is marr'd; there lies a cooling card.
Mar. He talks at random; sure the Man is mad.
Suf. And yet a Dispensation may be had.
Mar. And yet I would that you would answer me.
Suf. I'll win this Lady *Margaret.* For whom?
Why, for my King: Tush, that's a wooden thing.
Mar. He talks of Wood: It is some Carpenter.
Suf. Yet so my Fancy may be satisfied,
And Peace established betwen these Realms;
But there remains a scruple in that too:
For though her Father be the King of *Naples*,
Duke of *Anjou* and *Main*, yet he is poor,
And our Nobility will scorn the Match.
Mar. Hear ye, Captain? are you not at leasure?
Suf. It shall be so, disdain they ne'er so much:
Henry is youthful, and will quickly yield.
Madam, I have a Secret to reveal.
Mar. What, tho' I be inthrall'd, he seems a Knight,
And will not any way dishonour me.
Suf. Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.
Mar. Perhaps I shall be rescued by the *French*,
And then I need not crave his Courtesie.
Suf. Sweet Madam, give me hearing in a cause.
Mar. Tush, Women have been captivate ere now.
Suf. Lady, wherefore talk you so?
Mar. I cry you mercy, 'tis but *Quid* for *Quo*.
Suf. Say, gentle Princess, would you not suppose
Your Bondage happy, to be made a Queen?
Mar. To be a Queen in Bondage, is more vile,
Than is a Slave in base servility:
For Princes should be free.
Suf. And so shall you,

If happy *England*'s Royal King be free.
Mar. Why, what concerns his freedom unto me?
Suf. I'll undertake to make thee *Henry*'s Queen,
To put a Golden Scepter in thy Hand,
And set a precious Crown upon thy Head,
If thou wilt condescend to be my—
Mar. What?
Suf. His Love.
Mar. I am unworthy to be *Henry*'s Wife.
Suf. No, gentle Madam, I unworthy am
To woo so fair a Dame to be his Wife,
And have no portion in the choice my self.
How say you, Madam, are you so content?
Mar. And if my Father please, I am content.
Suf. Then call our Captains and our Colours forth.
And, Madam, at your Father's Castle Walls,
We'll crave a Parley to confer with him.
Sound. Enter Reignier *on the Walls.*
See *Reignier*, see, thy Daughter Prisoner.
Reig. To whom?
Suf. To me.
Reig. *Suffolk*, what remedy?
I am a Soldier and unapt to weep,
Or to exclaim on Fortune's fickleness.
Suf. Yes, there is remedy enough, my Lord,
Consent, and for thy Honour give consent,
Thy Daughter shall be wedded to my King;
Whom I with pain have woo'd and won thereto:
And this her easie-held Imprisonment
Hath gain'd thy Daughter Princely Liberty.
Reig. Speaks *Suffolk* as he thinks?
Suff. Fair *Margaret* knows,
That *Suffolk* doth not flatter, face, or fain.
Reig. Upon thy Princely Warrant, I descend;
To give thee Answer of thy just demand.
Suf. And here I will expect thy coming.
Trumptes sound. Enter Reignier.
Reig. Welcome, brave Earl, into our Territories,
Command in *Anjou* what your Honour pleases.
Suff. Thanks, *Reignier*, happy for so sweet a Child,
Fit to be made Companion with a King:
What answer makes your Grace unto my suit?
Reig. Since thou dost daign to woo her little worth. To

To be the Princely Bride of ſuch a Lord:
Upon condition I may quietly
Enjoy mine own, the Country *Main* and *Anjou*,
Free from oppreſſion, or the ſtroke of War,
My Daughter ſhall be *Henry*'s, if he pleaſe,
Suf. That is her Ranſom, I deliver her;
And thoſe two Counties, I will undertake,
Your Grace ſhall well and quietly enjoy.
Reig. And I again in *Henry*'s Royal Name,
As Deputy unto that gracious King,
Give thee her Hand for ſign of plighted Faith.
Suf. *Reignier* of *France*, I give thee Kingly Thanks,
Becauſe this is in Traffick of a King.
And yet methinks I could be well content
To be mine own Attorney in this caſe. [*Aſide.*
I'll over then to *England* with this News,
And make this Marriage to be ſolemniz'd:
So farewel *Reignier*, ſet this Diamond ſafe
In Golden Palaces as it becomes.
Reig. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
The Chriſtian Prince King *Henry*, were he here.
Mar. Farewell my Lord, good wiſhes, praiſe, and prayers,
Shall *Suffolk* ever have of *Margaret*. [*She is going.*
Suf. Farewel, ſweet Madam; but hark you, *Margaret*,
No Princely Commendations to my King?
Mar. Such Comendations as becomes a Maid,
A Virgin and his Servant, ſay to him.
Suf. Words ſweetly plac'd, and modeſtly directed.
But, Madam, I muſt trouble you again,
No loving Token to his Majeſty?
Mar. Yes, my good Lord, a pure unſpotted Heart,
Never yet taint with Love, I ſend the King.
Suf. And this withal. [*Kiſſes her.*
Mar. That for thy ſelf——I will not ſo preſume,
To ſend ſuch peeviſh Tokens to a King.
Suf. O wert thou for my ſelf——but *Suffolk* ſtay,
Thou mayeſt not wander in that Labyrinth,
There Minotaurs, and ugly Treaſons lurk.
Sollicit *Henry* with her wondrous praiſe,
Bethink thee on her Virtues that ſurmount,
Made natural Graces that extinguiſh Art,
Repeat their ſemblance often on the Seas,

That

That when thou com'ſt to kneel at *Henry*'s Feet,
Thou may'ſt bereave him of his wits with wonder. [*Exeunt.*

Enter York, Warwick, *a Shepherd, and* Pucelle.

York. Bring forth that Sorcereſs condemn'd to burn.

Shep. Ah, *Joan,* this kills thy Father's Heart out-right.
Have I ſought every Country far and near,
And now it is my chance to find thee out,
Muſt I behold thy timeleſs cruel Death!
Ah *Joan,* ſweet Daughter, I will die with thee.

Pucel. Decript Miſer, baſe ignoble Wretch,
I am deſcended of a gentler Blood.
Thou art no Father, nor no Friend of mine.

Shep. Out, out—My Lords, and pleaſe you, 'tis not ſo,
I did beget her all the Pariſh knows:
Her Mother liveth yet, can teſtifie
She was the firſt Fruit of my Batch'lor ſhip.

War. Graceleſs, wilt thou deny thy Parentage?

York. This argues what her kind of Life hath been,
Wicked and vile, and ſo her Death concludes.

Shep. Fie, *Joan,* that thou wilt be ſo obſtacle:
God knows thou art a Collop of my Fleſh,
And for thy ſake have I ſhed many a Tear;
Deny me not, I pray thee, gentle *Joan.*

Pucel. Peaſant, avant. You have ſuborn'd this Man
Of purpoſe to obſcure my noble Birth.

Shep. 'Tis true, I gave a Noble to the Prieſt,
The Morn that I was wedded to her Mother.
Kneel down and take my Bleſſing, good my Girl.
Wilt thou not ſtoop? Now curſed be the time
Of thy Nativity; I would the Milk
Thy Mother gave thee, when thou ſuck'ſt her Breaſt,
Had been a little Ratsbane for thy ſake:
Or elſe, when thou didſt keep my Lambs afield,
I wiſh ſome ravenous wolf had eaten thee.
Doſt thou deny thy Father, curſed Drab?
O burn her, burn her, hanging is too good. [*Exit.*

York. Take her away, for ſhe hath liv'd too long,
To fill the World with vicious Qualities.

Pucel. Firſt, let me tell you whom you have condemn'd,
Not me, begotten of a Shepherd Swain,
But iſſued from the Progeny of Kings,
Virtuous and Holy, choſen from above,

By

By inspiration of Celestial Grace,
To work exceeding Miracles on Earth;
I never had to do with wicked Spirits.
But you that are polluted with your Lusts,
Stain'd with the guiltless Blood of Innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand Vices,
Because you want the Grace that others have,
You judge it streight a thing impossible
To compass Wonders, but by help of Devils.
No, misconceived *Joan* of *Arc* hath been,
A Virgin from her tender Infancy,
Chaste, and immaculate in very thought,
Whose Maiden-blood thus rigorously effus'd,
Will cry for Vengeance at the Gates of Heav'n.

York. Ay, ay; away with her to Execution.

War. And hark ye, Sirs; because she is a Maid,
Spare for no Faggots, let there be enow:
Place Barrels of Pitch upon the fatal Stake,
That so her Torture may be shortned.

Pucel. Will nothing turn your unrelenting Hearts?
Then *Joan* discover thine Infirmity,
That warranteth by Law, to be thy Privilege.
I am with Child, ye bloody Homicides:
Murther not then the Fruit within my womb,
Although ye hale me to a violent Death.

York. Now Heav'n forfend! the holy Maid with Child?

War. The greatest Miracle that e'er you wrought:
Is all your strict preciseness come to this?

York. She and the Dauphin have been juggling,
I did imagine what would be her refuge.

War. Well, go to, we will have no Bastards live,
Especially since *Charles* must Father it.

Pucel. You are deceiv'd, my Child is none of his,
It was *Alenson* that enjoy'd my Love.

York. *Alenson*, that notorious *Machevile*!
It dies, and if it had a thousand Lives.

Pucel. O give me leave, I have deluded you;
'Twas neither *Charles*, nor yet the Duke I nam'd,
But *Reignier* King of *Naples* that prevail'd.

War. A married Man! that's most intolerable.

York. Why here's a Girl; I think she knows not well
(There were so many) whom she may accuse.

War.

War. It's ſign ſhe had been liberal and free.
York. And yet forſooth ſhe is a Virgin pure.
Strumpet, thy words condemn thy Brat, and thee.
Uſe no entreaty, for it is in vain.
Pucel. Then lead me hence; with whom I leave my c[illegible]
May never glorious Sun reflex his Beams
Upon the Country where you make abode;
But darkneſs, and the gloomy ſhade of death
Inviron you, till Miſchief and Deſpair
Drive you to break your Necks, or hang your ſelves. [*Exit.*

Enter Cardinal.

York. Break thou in pieces, and conſume to Aſhes,
Thou foul accurſed Miniſter of Hell.
Car. Lord Regent, I do greet your Excellence
With Letters of Commiſſion from the King.
For know, my Lords, the States of Chriſtendom,
Mov'd with remorſe of theſe outrageous broils,
Have earneſtly implor'd a general Peace,
Betwixt our Nation and th' aſpiring *French*;
And here at hand, the Dauphin and his Train
Approacheth, to confer about ſome matters.
York. Is all our Travel turn'd to this Effect?
After the ſlaughter of ſo many Peers,
So many Captains, Gentlemen and Soldiers,
That in this Quarrel have been overthrown,
And ſold their Bodies for their Countries Benefit,
Shall we at laſt conclude effeminate Peace?
Have we not loſt moſt part of all the Towns,
By Treaſon, Falſhood, and by Treachery,
Our great Progenitors had conquered?
Oh *Warwick*, *Warwick*, I foreſee with grief
The utter loſs of all the Realm of *France*.
War. Be patient *York*; if we conclude a Peace,
It ſhall be with ſuch ſtrict and ſevere Covenants,
As little ſhall the *Frenchmen* gain thereby.

Enter Charles, Alenſon, *Baſtard and* Reignier.

Cha. Since, Lords of *England*, it is thus agreed,
That peaceful Truce ſhall be proclaim'd in *France*,
We come to be informed by your ſelves,
What the Conditions of that League muſt be.
York. Speak, *Wincheſter*; for boiling Choler chokes
The hollow paſſage of my poiſon'd Voice,

By ſight of theſe our baleful Enemies.
War. Charles, and the reſt, it is enacted thus:
That in regard King *Henry* gives conſent,
Of meer compaſſion, and of lenity,
To eaſe your Country of diſtreſsful War,
And ſuffer you to breath in fruitful Peace,
You ſhall become true Liegemen to his Crown.
And *Charles*, upon condition thou wilt ſwear
To pay him Tribute, and ſubmit thy ſelf,
Thou ſhalt be plac'd as Viceroy under him,
And ſtill enjoy thy regal Dignity.
Alen. Muſt he be then a ſhadow of himſelf?
Adorn his Temples with a Coronet,
And yet in Subſtance and Authority,
Retain but privilege of a private Man?
This Proffer is abſurd and reaſonleſs.
Char. 'Tis known already, that I am poſſeſt
Of more than half the *Gallian* Territories,
And therein reverenced for their lawful King.
Shall I for lucre of the reſt un-vanquiſh'd,
Detract ſo much from that Prerogative,
As to be call'd but Viceroy of the whole?
No, Lord Ambaſſador, I'll rather keep
That which I have, than coveting for more,
Be caſt from poſſibility of all.
York. Inſulting *Charles*, haſt thou by ſecret means
Us'd interceſſion to obtain a League,
And now the matter grows to compromiſe,
Stand'ſt thou aloof upon Compariſon?
Either accept the Title thou uſurp'ſt,
Of benefit proceeding from our King,
And not of any challenge of Deſert,
Or we will plague thee with inceſſant Wars.
Reig. My Lord, you do not well, in obſtinacy
To cavil in the courſe of this Contract:
If once it be neglected, ten to one
We ſhall not find like opportunity.
Alen. To ſay the truth, it is your Policy,
To ſave your Subjects from ſuch maſſacre
And ruthleſs ſlaughters as are daily ſeen
By our proceeding in Hoſtility.
And therefore take this compact of a Truce,

Although you break it, when your pleasure serves.
[*Aside to the* D[illegible]uphin.

War. How say'st thou *Charles*?
Shall our Condition stand?
Char. It shall:
Only reserv'd, you claim no interest
In any of our Towns of Garrison.
York. Then swear Allegiance to his Majesty,
As thou art Knight, never to disobey,
Nor be Rebellious to the Crown of *England*,
Thou nor thy Nobles, to the Crown of *England*.
So, now dismiss your Army when you please:
Hang up your Ensigns, let your Drums be still,
For here we entertain a solemn Peace. [*Exeunt*.

Enter Suffolk *in conference with King* Henry, Glou[illegible]ter *and* Exeter.

K. Henry. Your wondrous rare description, noble Earl,
Of beauteous *Margaret* hath astonish'd me:
Her Virtues graced with external Gifts,
Do breed Loves settled Passions in my Heart.
And like as rigour of tempestuous Gusts
Provokes the mightiest Hulk against the Tide,
So am I driven by breath of her Renown,
Either to suffer Shipwrack, or arrive
Where I may have fruition of her Love.
Suff. Tush, my good Lord, this superficial Tale
Is but a Preface to her worthy Praise:
The chief Perfections of that lovely Dame,
Had I sufficient Skill to utter them,
Would make a Volume of inticing lines,
Able to ravish any dull Conceit,
And which is more, she is not so Divine,
So full repleat with choice of all Delights,
But with as humble lowliness of Mind,
She is content to be at your command:
Command, I mean, of virtuous chaste intents,
To love and honour *Henry*, as her Lord.
K. Henry. And otherwise, will *Henry* ne'er presume:
Therefore, my Lord Protector, give consent,
That *Margaret* may be *England*'s Royal Queen.
Glo. So should I give consent to flatter Sin.
You know, my Lord, your Highness is betroth'd

Unto

Unto another Lady of eſteem.
How ſhall we then diſpence with the Contract,
And not deface your Honour with reproach?
Suf. As doth a Ruler with unlawful Oaths,
Or one that at a Triumph, having vow'd
To try his ſtrength, forſaketh yet the Liſts
By reaſon of his Adverſary's odds.
A poor Earl's Daughter in unequal odds,
And therefore may be broke without offence.
Glo. Why, what, I pray, is *Margaret* more than that:
Her Father is no better than an Earl,
Although in glorious Titles he excel.
Suf. Yes, my good Lord, her Father is a King,
The King of *Naples* and *Jeruſalem*,
And of ſuch great Authority in *France*,
That his Alliance will confirm our Peace,
And keep the *Frenchmen* in Allegiance.
Glo. And ſo the Earl of *Armagnac* may do,
Becauſe he is near Kinſman unto *Charles*.
Exe. Beſide his Wealth doth warrant liberal Dower,
Where *Reignier* ſooner will receive than give.
Suf. A Dower, my Lords! Diſgrace not ſo your King,
That he ſhould be ſo abject, baſe, and poor,
To chuſe for Wealth, and not for perfect Love.
Henry is able to inrich his Queen,
And not to ſeek a Queen to make him rich,
So worthleſs Peaſants bargain for their Wives,
As Market-men for Oxen, Sheep, or Horſe.
But Marriage is a matter of more worth,
Than to be dealt in by Attorney-ſhip:
Not whom we will, but whom his Grace affects,
Muſt be companion of his nuptial Bed.
And therefore Lords, ſince he affects her moſt,
It most of all theſe Reaſons bindeth us,
In our opinions ſhe ſhould be preferr'd;
For what is Wedlock forced, but a Hell,
An age of Diſcord and continual Strife?
Whereas the contrary bringeth forth bliſs,
And is a Pattern of celeſtial Peace.
Whom ſhould we match with *Henry*, being a King,
But *Margaret*, that is Daughter to a King?
Her peerleſs Feature, joined with her Birth,

Approves her fit for none, but for a King.
Her valiant Courage, and undaunted Spirit,
More than in Woman commonly is seen,
Will answer our hope in issue of a King:
For *Henry*, Son unto a Conqueror,
Is likely to beget more Conquerors,
If with a Lady of so high resolve,
As is fair *Margaret*, he be link'd in Love.
Then yield my Lords, and here conclude with me,
That *Margaret* shall be Queen, and none but she.

K. Henry. Whether it be through force of your report,
My noble Lord of *Suffolk*; or for that
My tender Youth was never yet attaint
With any Passion of inflaming Love,
I cannot tell; but this I am assur'd,
I feel such sharp dissention in my Breast,
Such fierce alarums both of Hope and Fear,
As I am sick with working of my Thoughts.
Take therefore Shipping; post my Lord, to *France*,
Agree to any Covenants, and procure
That Lady *Margaret* do vouchsafe to come
To cross the Seas to *England*, and be Crown'd,
King *Henry*'s faithful and anointed Queen.
For your Expences and sufficient Charge,
Among the People gather up a tenth.
Be gone, I say, for 'till you do return,
I rest perplexed with a thousand Cares.
And you, good Uncle, banish all offence:
If you do censure me, by what you were,
Not what you are, I know it will excuse
This sudden Execution of my Will.
And so conduct me, where from company,
I may revolve and ruminate my Grief. [*Exit.*

Glo. Ay, Grief I fear me, both at first and last.
[*Exit* Glocester.

Suf. Thus *Suffolk* hath prevail'd, and thus he goes
As did the youthful *Paris* once to *Greece*,
With hope to find the like event in Love,
But prosper better than the *Trojan* did:
Margaret shall now be Queen, and rule the King:
But I will rule both her, the King, and Realm. [*Exit.*

FINIS.